WALLOGRAPHY;

OR

The Britton Describ'd:

BEING

A Pleasant Relation of a Journey into Wales, wherein are set down several Remarkable Passages that occur'd in the way thither.

AND ALSO

Many choice Observables, and notable Commemorations, concerning the State and Condition, the Nature and Humor, Actions, Manners, Customs, &c. of that Countrey and People.

By *W. R.* a mighty Lover of Welch Travels.

LONDON,
Printed for *Obadiah Blagrave* at the *Bear* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1682.

WAITOGRAPHY:

OR

The Barton Described:

BEING

A Poetical Relation of a Journey
from Clifton, where Sir Edward
Several Remarkable Passages that
occur'd by the way thither.

AND ALSO

Many choice Observables, and no-
table Commendations, concer-
ning the State and Condition,
the Nature and Humour, Actions,
Manners, Customs, &c. of that
Country and People.

By W. K. a mighty Lover of
Verse and Truth.

LONDON,

Printed for Obadiah Blagrave at the
Sun in S. Paul Church-yard, 1684.

TO

Sir *Richard Wenman*

OF

CASSWELL

In the

County of *Oxford* Baronet.

SIR!

HAving had the Honour to be employ'd in a Negotiation between an English *Gentleman* and the *Ancient* Brittons, I was not only upon the Borders, and (as it were) the Limbs

of Wales, *but have travell'd through the very* Bowels *of the Country; in which Journey there did salute me so many* occurrences *worthy of observation, that I could not forbear a Description of them, and from presenting you with the* (*as I may say*) Wallography *of my Voyage.*

I make bold to imitate one Alexander *of* Greece, *who still as he went* dragooning *about the World, describ'd the wandrings, and* (*as it were*) *the* *Tom Coriatism *of his Expeditions; only*

* *Tom Coriat was a silly Traveller, who in King James his time beat upon the hoof about two or three thousand miles, and return'd home as very a Cox-combe as he went out. See his Travels call'd his Crudities.*

in

in this I shall differ from him, whereas he gave only a bare Image *and* Portraicture *of the Country, I shall draw the* Character *of the* Inhabitants, *and shall not only express in a Map or Table the meer* Picture *of the Place, and tell you that here stands* one *Town and* twenty *Miles off stands another, but my Design is to give you a Narrative of what I observ'd concerning the Nature of the* (1) *Soil, and of the* (2) *Inhabitants, their Original, Persons, Diet, Apparel, Language, Laws, Customs, Policy,* &c.

But what need I go so far as Macedonia *for a* Pattern, *seeing we have so many* Precedents *at home? For one tells us in* Octavo *that he hath been at* Constantinople; *another that he hath been at* Vienna; *a third that he hath been in* Spain; *and why may not I tell the World in a little Book that I have been in* Wales? *When a Fellow hath either a* Maggot *in his Pate, or a* Breeze *in his Tail, that he cannot fix long in a place; or perhaps when he hath* entitled *himself by some misdemeanours either to the Pillory or Gibbet, to* disinherit *himself*

of his deserved Right, he flirts *into* Holland, *or is transported into some Forreign Countrey; where conversing a little while, he thrusts into th' World the History of his Adventures, he* varnisheth *over his Banishment with the Name of Travel, and stiles that his* Recreation *which was indeed his* Punishment, *and so* dignifies *a Ramble by the name of Journey. He tells what* Wonderments *have surpriz'd him, what* Fragments *of Antiquity have amaz'd him, what Structures have ravish'd him, what hills have tir'd him; in a word, he is* big *with Descriptions,*

ptions, and obliges you with the Narrative of all his Observations and Notices; seeing every one almost that hath but untruss'd *in a Forreign Country, will have his Voyage recorded, and every* Letter-Carrier *beyond Sea would be thought a* Drake *or a* Candish, *I thought with my self why may not I have the liberty of relating my Journey, and of communicating my Observations to Mankind. I must confess my* Pilgrimage *was not far, but perhaps it was* chequer'd *with as great variety both of Pleasure and Peril as a longer Progress; neither are*

my

my Remarques very solemn and stately, but yet they were such as gratify'd my curiosity, and pleas'd my humor as well as the Observations of longer Journals.

Such as they are (Sir!) I humbly crave leave to devote them to your Perusal, as the most signal Testimony *of that venerable* Esteem *I have for you. I wave your* Panegyrick, *and forbear to Rhetoricate or to* descant *in your Praise. You are too* Copious *a Subject even for the most* Transcendent *Oratory. I list not to display your Personal Accomplishments, which are*

so

So eminent and conspicuous already in the World. I know an Attempt of that Nature would be too great a Violence *to your* Modesty, *and I am sure too hard a* Task *for my* Capacity. *My present Business (Sir!) is to put this little Book into your Hand, and to desire you to* Honour *the Author in accepting, and to* Divert *your self in reading of it; for possibly you may find so much* Comedy *in this* Walk, *as may dispose you to smile away an hour in the perusal of it. The Relations are not* common *and* ordinary, *and perhaps as pleasant as they are*

are rare *and* unusual. *I do not know that any Travellor* jogging *in the* same *Road hath given the* same *Account of Things, or hath made the same Descriptions which I here present you with; so that my Remarques are* spick and span *new, and if they are* ridiculous, *they are not unlike the Persons upon whom they are written. For the* Welch *People are a pretty* odd sort *of Mortals, and I hope I have given you a pretty* odd Character *of them, and so I think I am pretty* even *with them for* Oddness. *A Taphy is observ'd to be a* Trickish *Animal,*

mal, that hath a Vein of Jack-puddinism *running through all his Actions, and therefore I thought it not improper to sprinkle here and there somewhat of the* Blew-jacket, *and to* Merry-Andrew *my Progress a little farther as I went with jocund Observations, that the* History *might be agreeable to the* Matter *it Treats of. So that if a* Welch-man *is a* Jest, *as all the World account him a Living* Pun, *a walking* Conundrum, *and a breathing* Witticism; *Then have I made one Joke upon another.*

I am

I am not unsensible that Papers of another Nature and Complexion are more agreeable to that Character *you bear in the World*; Machiavel *and* Malvezzi, *or some discourse of the Maxims of* Policy, *would be a more Suitable Subject for your Contemplation: But (Sir!) I pretend not to instruct you for the* Parliament-house, *but to direct you by the* Fire-side.

Now for the Conclusion of all; If there are any Good Things *in* Wales, *the enjoyment whereof is worth the wishing you, I pray Heaven to crown you with the Fruition of them: But possibly it may be*

a Province not much crowded *with Blessings; may you therefore Flourish in the Affluence of good* English *Mercies; may you always possess good* English *Riches, Health and Honours, and all other Happinesses and Prosperities of our own Nation!*

I am,

(Worthy Sir!)

Your very Humble Servant.

Helmdon, Octob. 24. 1681.

W. R.

Wallogra-

WALLOGRAPHY

OR

The Britton describ'd, &c.

UPon the First of *June* 1673, having taken leave of my Friends, and received a Message, a little tiny Errand to be uttered by word of mouth, together with a Letter to be deliver'd into the hands of one of the most Reverend Taphies, I began to have some thoughts of *rigging* my self out for mine intended Voyage; and to that end I spatterdash't my Legs with a pair of Cuckolds boots, and either adorn'd or furnish't my hand

with battooning Cudgel, and having entertain'd in my Retinue a whole *Diſtick* of Spannels.

Upon the Fourth of *June*, I turn'd one ſide upon *London*, and the other toward *Wales*; the Country which was to be the Period and Term of my Journey. We travelled all that day with much pleaſure, being treated as we went, with the *Delicacies* of Nature: the Air was *kind* and *ſoft*; the Fields were *trim* and *neat*; the Sun *benign* and *cheriſhing*; the whole Creation was *obliging*, and from every thing we met, we receiv'd *Civility*; ſo that this firſt day paſs'd over with much ſatisfaction. I do not remember that we ſaw any thing remarkable, unleſs it was a Fellow driving a *Yok'd Cow*, whoſe ſlow motion he now and then quickn'd by wringing the *Pendulum* of her Tail, and (as it were) curling it into a ſcrew.

he *twisted* her forward, and bor'd the Air with this Living *Augre*; Me-thoughts a very pretty trick to make a wimble of his Beast, and a handsome way to insinuate her along, and to improve her pace. 'Twas far beyond the courtship of a wisp of hay, in regard *Fear* urges more than *Flattery* can allure, and all Creatures are more ready to ease their *Backs*, than to fill their *Bellies*; O how Scorpions pretty crabbedly apply'd will make a thing caper, and increase his Career far beyond the *temptation* of Cake and Marmalade! and a Cat of *Nine-Tails* will drive better than a dish of Sweet-meats can invite and draw. This was the Method the Bumpkin us'd to advance the *progressive Motion* of the Animal; which indeed is far different from the Custom and Practice of the *Croatians*; For whereas this man made his Beast

proceed by thruſting at *one end*, the Tail; They make their tyr'd Jades jog on by putting at the other, the *Fore-top*. We began to ſubſcribe to *Carteſius*'s opinion, that Animals were Engins; For 'tis like, the *Clock-work* of the Cow was ſomewhat diſorder'd, and the Machine (like a Jack) was run down and ſtood ſtill, till this Artiſt wound it up, and ſet the movements a going.

Being indifferently refreſht by the vertue of that Paſſage, we went forward very couragiouſly, and after a little time were preſented with the proſpect of another Scene, which was laid in a Meddow by a River-ſide, where we overtook a *Rat-catcher* and a *Fiſherman* diſputing Precedency, and the Preheminency of their Profeſſions: The Rat-catcher argu'd that his Calling was moſt worthy, in regard the object of his Art

Art was a *vocal Creature*, whereas that of the Fiſherman's was *dumb* and *ſilent*; beſides Rats are educated in Courts and Palaces, are more choicely bred, and have a more delicate diet, than Fiſh, to feed on; Plentiful Reverſions of Roſt and Boyl'd, luxurious fragments, and the *magnificent ruines* of Pudding and Paſty are their common diſhes; only ſometimes they pop on a piece of *Bread* and *Butter* not of ſo wholſome a reliſh, that is, a little *Arſenick* ſpread for 'um on the *trencher* of a Chip, theſe are the *Viands* of this domeſtick *Vermin*; whereas Worms and Flies, and vile Inſects, and perhaps a hook to boot, are the beſt *Fare* that is eaten by Fiſhes. The *Fiſherman* reply'd, that Fiſh themſelves were food for men, but it was never known that Rats were in ſeaſon, unleſs in the *extremity* of a Siege or Famine.

We left these Fellows very hot in controversy, which could not be decided, and pass'd on, till at length we arrived to a little knot, or *Asterism* of houses standing, or rather lying on the *Crump* of a Hill, rais'd somewhat *proudly* above the ordinary level; and methoughts, lookt down with somewhat of *Disdain* upon the Humble Vallies. Who was the Founder of this *Hamlet* is not certainly known, but we perceiv'd the *Thacker* had been a great *Benefactor*. As for the Nativity of the Place, the Foundation was laid under an unfortunate *Configuration* of the Heavens: so that the *Tinkers* and *Coblers*, and the dregs of mankind that dwelt there, expected not Prosperity, nor hop'd to be advanc'd and sublimated into the *Flower* of the People. The main *stress* of Government lay upon the *shoulder* of a single man, who was a

Bear-

Bear-ward by Office, and being the moſt ſubſtantial Perſon was thought fit to be *inveſted* with the ſole Authority of the Townſhip; A moſt proper Magiſtrate for ſuch wild Savages! We obſerv'd that this Village had as many ways *into* it, as it had ways *out* of it, which were equal in number to the Points of the Compaſs. The *purling* Brook that crawl'd by it, the *reeking* Dunghill that breath'd within it, the *crook-back'd* Elm that ſtands *cringing* near it, and the Pack-*ſaddle* Steeple that ſtood *ſquinting* over it, made a pretty Draught of an handſome *Landskip*.

The Inhabitants of this place were much addicted to the vice of *Stealing*; every thing *ſticks* to their Pitchy Fingers, and they have ſuch an *attractive* vertue, that, wherever they come, all things trot after the Magnetiſm of their

Persons. A Fellow squotting upon a criket in a room we were in, and rising up from his seat, the stool on a sudden (as if tackt to his A--) immediately marcht after him, to the great amazement of the woman of the house, who did not suspect that his *Bum* had *hands*, or that her *Stool* so nimbly could have us'd its *legs*. Another espying a *Cylinder* of Bag-pudding pretty thick in the waist lolling upon the table, whilst the Hostess turn'd her back, in the very *twinkling* of her head, *pocus's'd* it into Fob, and so shrowded its Dimensions into a second Bag.

The *approaching* night and our wearied *limbs* compell'd us to lodge among these Tenements; Having almost *worn* out our selves by tedious Travel, we resolv'd here to repair our *breeches*: But (alas!) this *mending* (I allude to

Taylorism)

Taylouriſm) was little better than meer *Botching*. For, whereas we thought to have renew'd nature, and to have recreated our Palates with the pleaſant wholeſomeneſs of *Rural Delicacies*, we could ſcarce ſo much as even patch her up with the *burden Accomodations* of a red-lattic'd Inn; The *foretop* of a Carrot, and a few parcht Peaſe were our choiceſt Provender, which fill'd our cavities ſo full of wind, that we thought we had got the *Four Quarters* in our Bellys, which made ſuch *Squibs* of our Breeches, that (like the fifth of *November*) we were continually diſcharging of *Rockets* and *Crackers*.

The next day dreſs'd with *Aurora*, nay before ſhe had put on her *Indian* gown, we ſet out with the Sun, who bearing us company but a little while withdrew into an apartment behind a cloud, at whoſe

whose absence the Heavens *frowning* and contracting their brows, did presently fall a crying and wept such plentiful showers of tears, that they moistn'd our skins with the *Deluge* of their Grief. But that which terrify'd us most of all, was *water* which we saw of several colours, sometimes *red*, and sometimes *black*; which put us in mind of those *Prodigious Rains* the Philosophers speak of, *Blood* and *Ink*; But overtaking a *Collier* and *Red-Oker* man, we perceiv'd 'twas the *Distillations* of their Buggets. But that which gave *wings* to time, and made it *fly* merrily while we were in the company of these Vagrants, were the frequent *Quarrels* that were *broacht* between them, which at length were improv'd into severe *Buffetings*. The *Object* of both their Occupations lyes hid in the Earth, and they work like Moles, whose

whoſe Employ is *underground*, and (like a certain Fiſh) they take their *colour* from the place they converſe in. The Collier thumpt with *tinCturing*-fiſt the Red-man, black; and the Red-man dy'd with *Vermilion*-blow the Black-man, red; ſo that we never ſaw before ſuch a *party-colour'd* Combat, ſuch a *Fools-coated* conflict, wherein the ſtout Champions were ſo mutually diſguis'd, that they ſeem'd to be *Amphituo'd*, and to be wholly transform'd into each others Perſon.

After another days Travel in Duſt and Sun, we ſaluted a good handſome Town, not a little reſembling in crookedneſs a middle-ſiz'd *ſhooing horn*; At the entrance into it, the *uncarpetneſs* (as I may ſay) of the Floor, or (in other words) the *unevenneſs* of the ſtreets ſomewhat diſlocating the poſition of our almoſt *tript up* feet,

feet, had like to have demoliſht us, and to have thrown us down backward, but to prevent the *Solæciſm* of kiſſing the place at *wrong end*, we recovered our fall, and went bolt upright into the *navel* of the Coporation, where there was ſuch an *Aſſembly* of Proviſion as repreſented a market, which was unhappily diſturb'd by an unfortunate accident; For a *certain Bull* of an *uncertain* man having miſtaken his *box*, and taken *pepper* in the noſe inſtead of *Snuff*, and being enrag'd and heated by the vertue of the Spice, took a risk about the Croſs, and emptied by his Ramble all Stalls and Panniers; ſo that this *Brisk Cuſtomer* made a ſcrambling kind of Dinner for the whole Country; who was riding upon one anothers backs for Viands and Booty, and was tumbling among the *ruins* of Bakers, Victuallers, and Coſtermongers.

We

We were inform'd that this Town was much infested with the unwelcome Visitants, *Rats* and *Mice*; insomuch that the Inhabitants have a *Rat-catcher* at a certain Pension, as the only *Talis-man* against such noxious Vermin.

Having left this *Town* behind us, we come to a *Wood* on our left hand, nigh unto which was a discontented Fountain *murmuring* as it run (we did not enquire a what) and *bubling* forth seemingly much Dissatisfaction. This wood was a *promiscuous Rabble* of all vegetables. A *throng* of trees of all ranks and qualities; we refresht ourselves a little under this natural *Arbour*, and being prety and cheerful in this circumstance of Place; one of our *Caravan* began to express his joy in some notes of Musick, who as soon as he began to strike up with his *Pipe* (thinking he had but one) he presently perceiv'd it to be multi-

multiply'd into an *Organ*, and wonder'd (with the Bumpkin that pull'd at the Bellows) that he had so much Harmony in him. For you must know hereabouts dwelt a thing called an *Ecchs*, who as soon as she heard but *Sol, Fa*, whipt! she improv'd the melody into a *noise* and *consort*: and presently increas'd those single notes into the whole *Gamut*; and most neately play'd the *way* with the *tail* of his voice! being a very pretty *Songster*, that sings well by th' Ear. But while *Lng* was solac'd with the tatling *Reverberation* of voice, our *eyes* were ravisht with a most delicate *Prospect*; For here was a most pleasant champion piece of ground, which extending and roaming it self some Furlongs in length, was furnisht with all the *Excellencie* that ever commended the most *transporting Elisium*; the Air was

lullaby'd

lullaby'd as ſtill and quiet as Dormant Infant; the Day was Orient, bright and clear; the Earth (like a Foreſter) was clad in green. The Figure of this Field was a *Parallellogrammum*, the Style was ſituate South-Eaſt-by-North, and conſiſted of a *climax* of three rails, over which we convey'd our ſelves by *Elevation of Leg*; near the entrance into the Meadow, we obſerv'd an hole or *caſement* in the hedge, which we perceiv'd the Hogs had oftentimes *threded*; but the Hedger had *glaz'd* it with a *pane* of Furze.

Having ambled over ſome Furlongs on this (as it were) *New-Market* Heath, we perceiv'd it to degenerate and to grow worſe and worſe, and (like an handſome neck of Mutton) to determine in the unevenneſs of a Rock, or Scrag. A little while after we winded a *Cordwainer*, who (as he told

told us) was newly recover'd from a sad *mischance*; For walking carelessly, one day he happen'd to have a fall, and to *squot* his Breech upon an *Hedg-hog*, which he carry'd away as cleverly, (it clinging to his Buttocks) as if he had sate upon a *ball* of his wax; whether there is a simpathy between a *Shoomakers* tail, and the skin of an *Urchin*, or whether the *bristles* of the Creature entred the *pores* of his Backside, we list not to decide that controversie now; but however the mortal complain'd that it was an uneasy *cushion*, and that that *Spinny* of Awls had made a *cullender* of his A--: But being not much concern'd at the *cerebrosity* of his *seivy* Bum; The *Iet-holes* whereof being not very deep, we went together, till we arriv'd to the *roughness* of the forementioned Downs, which did somewhat decline into an uneven *Præ-*

cipice,

cipice, whose craggy stairs as soon as we had descended, we stumbled upon an House, or a Dunghill modell'd into the shape of a Cottage, whose outward surface was so all-to-be-negro'd with such swarthy plaister, that it appear'd not unlike a great blot of Cow-turd: This Structure straddled over about eight Ells of ground, above the surface whereof the Eves were advanc'd about two Yards, and the Chimney peep'd out about a Foot above the Eves; the light flow'd in through the *old circumference* of a bottomless *Peck*; which being stuck in the Thatch, supply'd the place of an *Orbicular* Casement. The Door-way was a breach in the wall toward one end, which being of a dwarfish size, *i. e.* two Foot lower in stature than an ordinary Man, we were forc'd to abridge our Dimensions, and to

creep in. The Parlour, Hall, Kitchin, *i. e.* one Room within was prettily adorn'd with the *Poetry* of *Ballads*; a *crippled* Pipkin with a broken shin, near ally'd to a Dish of the same matter; a *vocal* Spoon with a Whistle at the end; and a *Tipsy* Cradle reeling in the corner, (methoughts) were a *pretty* sort of *Goods*, and not *unhandsome Furniture*. A whole *Litter* of Children was *strew'd* upon the Floor; only one *Mopp-headed* Boy was *Tripod'd* on a Cricket, and blew the Fire: The carv'd Mantle-tree seem'd to be defended by a little *wooden* Fellow furiously strutting in an *Oaken* Cloak; and we perceiv'd the Window was *endors'd* with the Picture of a Fly. We observ'd that the *Sulkie* Cupboard was a Nusance to the whole *Family* of Houshold-stuff, which it had mightily disoblig'd by entrenching

trenching on their Liberties, they grutching it so much room; and indeed the Table, Bed, and other Utensils have not suffer'd a little detriment by its injurious *Contiguity*. We had a Prospect of whole *Territories* about this Building, which though not large, yet were exceedingly well fortify'd; a little Hedge being a *Pallizado* on one side, and a narrow Trench instead of a *Bulwark* on the other: The *Continuity* of the Mound was *violated* by a *Notch* in the corner to set a Stile in; over which when we had passed, we espy'd a Bank like a little *Hybla*, cap'd with a Hive of Bees, which this small *Eden* curiously carv'd, and (as it were) *Quincunx'd* into a Knot, did feast with the moisture of its delicious Flowers. Leaving the *Phylacteries* of this Yard, we met the Good-Housewife of this little Tenement

with her Tippet *briſtling*, her Mouth *mumping*, and her Hands *knitting*; ſhe had a *Cade* Lamb at her *Rere*, attending upon her, and a *Kitten* in the *Van*, conducting her home.

We follow'd our Noſes from hence, and were directed by the *Clue* of a long Hedge; which after a great extent in length, we found to be *Tagg'd* with a rough Lane; turning from which a little toward the right, we overtook a *Church* ſtanding (like an Ace) and moping by it ſelf, at ſome diſtance from the Town; which whether *it* run from the Pariſh, or the Pariſh *from it*, we are not as yet inform'd; though we have moſt reaſon to ſuſpect the *latter*; in regard as to outward appearance the weak Conſtitution of the Fabrick ſeem'd not much to be addicted to run. It ſeem'd to be very crazy,

and

and had a *muffler* of Ivy, which we presume were instead of Crutches; For whereas that feeble Vegetable is usually *upheld* by the walls it clings to, we believe it was a *Buttresse* here to support the Walls. But having sadden'd our Aspect with the melancholy looks of this desolate Temple, we took our leave of it, and shot directly down a *Balk* upon that prophane Town to which it seem'd to stand related. At our first salutation whereof, we chanc'd to pop into a dapper *Ale-house*, mightily stufft with a huge Hostesse, whose moisture distilling through the Pores of her Body, and being somewhat turn'd through excessive heat, struck our *olfactive* Nerves with so great a sowrness, that we had quite been overcome with this *Vessel of Vineger*, had she not too much jog'd her self by an unhappy

fall, and spilt a great quantity of her unctuous Liquor.

The Shoomaker conjectur'd that she had lost about five or six pound (*aver-du-pois*) from her *Rere* behind, and presently concluded that she was in great danger of hanging all *a-one-side*, unless some charitable Person should poize her with thrust of *Assisting Nose*. We had scarce *prim'd* our Pipes, but in comes a *Law-jobber*, accompanied with the *Bum-brusher*, or School-master of the place, who after some time, took occasion to shew their skill and breeding at Fisty-cuffs, but (thanks to the Stars) without any *danger* to their Professions; For they did not so much aim at the *head*, as level their fury at each others *heels*, where their knowledge was suppos'd not to *dye*, though some hold that they have as much Learning *at one end* as

as they have at *t'other*. The moſt remarkable thing in this Village was a *Carrot-pate* houſe at the *Poſteriours* of the Town; it was cover'd with Tile, and was curiouſly contriv'd after the *Italian* Models. The Maſter that did animate, or the ἐντελέχια of this Stone-carcaſs (they told us) was lately dead: His Diſtemper was a *Quarrel* between his Belly and his Back; the one being *burſten* took pet and run away from the other, ſo that the poor Man being at a loſs for a place to put his Victuals in, *dy'd* with a conceit.

S. *Criſpin's* Diſciple having a Miſtreſs in this Lordſhip, and being almoſt within the *Atmoſphere* of her preſence, began to *wind* her, and had a great tendency to the place where ſhe was; ſo that I might as ſoon expect that a ſtone ſhould fall beyond the center, as

that this *Gentle-craſts-man* ſhould budge further; wherefore nothing was expected now but an immediate *Divorce* from each others company; but before we parted, he oblig'd me with the Proſpect both of her Perſon and Fortune. As for the firſt, as ſoon as I ſaw it, I had greater reaſon to congratulate my Eye-ſight than I had before; for ſhe was bleſt with a moſt *raviſhing* Aſpect, and a ſnug Face, moſt prodigiouſly grac'd with a dainty fine Noſe, faſten'd in its middle; which is not like ſome Snouts that look more upon one Cheek, than they do upon the other, but ſhews equal reſpect to both, not at all *diſobliging* the right by *fleering* too much on the left. And then for her Eyes, they are excellent at twireing, and will be ſure to keep her Noſe *ſafe*, (I'le warrant you) for one looks *one* way, and the other

ther *another*. The Woman had a Mouth too, which was ſomewhat bigger than that of a Muſket, though not twice as big as the capacious bore of a Blew Noggin. This Mouth ſhe put but to *one uſe*, and that's the ſame that we put ours to, that is to eat three or four Meals in a day; for it ſeems whereas other Women often uſe theirs in *prating* and *twatling*, we perceiv'd that this *ſav'd* her *Mouth* and ſpake through her *Noſe*. As we have given you the Picture of her Perſon, ſo now let's preſent you with a Landskip of her Fortune. As for her Lands, that is, Paſture-ground, and Meadow, we could not diſcern, but that (like a ſpot upon the Globe) they took but little room upon the ſurface of the Earth, and (like the Poſſeſſions of *Alcibiades*) were but a little ſpeck to the World. A little Muck would

would dung her Fallow; one high Table T---- (to speak in the *Oxford* Dialect) will much enrich it, and an Ear of Corn will go near to sow it; 'tis like she hath Grass enough for a couple of Rabbets. Having survey'd the Paramour, and the Portion of this Nivelling Cobler, after a single sip of sixes out of a Tin Pot, and a *Treble* go-down out of a cup of *Double*; after a *right-line* scrape with *left* Leg; and uncouth doffing of a bad Bonnet, after *slinking* a Complement by way of thanks for his Society, attended by his Coblerhood to the confines of a Yard, at the clasping together of two lowring Gates in the presence of a *Corpulent* and *Burly* Elme, I solemnly took leave of my Fellow-Traveller. After his departure I was forc'd to beguile away the time in the shady *solitude* of silent thoughts, which

which before I ſpent in the *briſker Entertainments* of Diſcourſe and Dialogue: I had not long buſy'd my faculties with inward ſpeculations, but I met with variety of Objects courting with their *Flatteries* my almoſt diſtracted Contemplations. I ſaw *Three Stones* ſo artificially ſet, that they repreſented the Figure of a convenient *Stile*. Methoughts the Architecture of it was very curious; for one ſtone about a Foot ſquare, being plac'd perpendiculary upright, its Northern Extremity was croſs'd by another at right Angles; on the other ſide whereof was erected another perpendicular correſpondent to the former. The Poſition of theſe Materials made a pretty Fabrick, over which a Man might commodiouſly paſs; its ſurface was ſmooth, not *tufted* with ſnags, which are always catching

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and *ſnarling* at your Cloaths, to the great *Diſguize* and Damage of your Breeches; about two yards diſtant there was a Croſs delv'd in the Earth, which ſeem'd either an Argument of *Popiſh Superſtition*, or a Sign or Mark of the Pariſh *Selvidge*.

Departing from hence, we mov'd through a Cloſe very *populous* with Mutton; there being, (as it were) a whole *Academy* of Sheep *ſizeing* on a Hay-rick, not botled out into Commons, but Geometrically carv'd into good *Sexangular* Luncheons. 'Twas Foot-cloath'd (as it were) with Straw near five yards about, upon which were tumbling a *Bag-piper*, and an *Horſe*, who wanton'd ſo long till (like Dogs) at laſt their Play determin'd in a ſharp conflict. The Man of Muſick buffeted the Jugler to *ſome tune*, who adding

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two or three *howls* to the *Notes* of his Drone-pipe, by cleanly conveyance did vaniſh from him. The Piper appear'd of a tawny Complexion, his *Noſe* bending with an Arch upward; his *Eyes* being ſomewhat hollow, ſeem'd to increaſe the *promontory* of his jetting Forehead. In a word, there was *charm* enough in his Aſpect; He was well built, his whole *Frame* and contexture was *ſweet* and *regular*; I muſt needs ſay, I have ſeldom met with any handſomer *Model*, or *Platform* of a Man. But though his *Perſon* was neat and *uniform*, yet his habit and *garb* was full of *deformity*, and there were as many *Solœciſms* and *Incoherencies* on theſe, as there was *Congruities* and *Beauty* commendable in that. He wore a *Miſcellany* of Apparel, a *Gallimaſry* of Cloaths, as I humbly conceive, 'twas a *Tyth Suit*,

Suit, compos'd of various and several sorts; such a *Club* of Raggs, and *Randesvous* of Fragments, must needs be a Collection (like the Jerkin of the Jay) of several Feathers from divers Birds. His Doublet (which indeed was but one great Patch in *Folio*) was very *heterogeneous* from the rest of his Attire; he had worn his Lappets into perfect *Fringe*, (so that he seem'd to be surrounded with the *remnant* of a Curtain) and had *thin'd* his Elbows into their first *Principles*. 'Twas of a Mouse-colour hue, and (as near as I could guess) it appear'd to be the *Result* of an old Cloak; both its first *Crop* and *Latter-Math* too were both worn off; and it was so Thread-bare, that it had almost *founder'd* three or four of his best Lice; wherefore we advis'd him to hang it no longer on a *Knaves* back,

back, but to condemn it to the Housewifery of a Shooe-clout. The Relicks that were left of his tatter'd Breeches were one *Story* pendulous below his Coat. His Instrument (like a Gizzard) was tuck'd under his arm, which by *shog* of Elbow, he did *hug* into harmony, and *squeeze* out of its Womb most ravishing Ditties. We made but few Remarks on the Person of the Jugler, only we thought it appear'd to be somewhat *sleathy*; his Noddle was shrowded under the *Patronage* of a collop'd Hat, whose *indented* Margin being somewhat frail, declin'd from the equality of an *Horizontal* Position, and flapping inward on both sides, and hugging his Ears, fore'd the poor Man to look as it were through a *Spout*. He had a bunch of Ribbond in his hand, which possibly might be

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the effect of his last *Vomit*; for we suppose having had a surfeit of Silk-worms, and a *Loom* in his *Throat*, he can *disgorge* more at a cast, than an ordinary Weaver can work in a weeks time. His little *pointing-stick* and Tin Dishes, with other Implements of his Art, made an horrible noise and *combustion* in his Pocket, even to the terrour and amazement of an *Humble Bee*, who was *rioting* on the Luxuries, and was wantonly *basking* on the Sunny *Terrace* of a magnificent Thistle. Nay, the jingling of his Tackle did alarm an Army of *Wasps* and *Hornets*, which lay *encamp'd* hard by under the roof of a shady Furz bush; These made such an on-set on Hocus with their *Lanspriz-ades*, that making a *Pin-cushion* of his Body, they stuck it so full of Needles, that the *Pungency* of their Weapons, and *Artillery*

tillery piercing to the quick, made the poor fellow curvete and elevate himſelf nimbly into two or three dancing *Capreolls*. He carry'd on his back as thick a *Quickſet* of Stings as a Hog of Briſtles. He was ſwell'd to a treble proportion beyond what he was; his *Hands* were grown too big for his Pockets, and could have no reception into thoſe narrow *Cloſets*. The *circumference* of his head was hugely increas'd beyond the *Diameter* of his Hat; ſo that the *Convexity* of the former could not be contain'd within the *Concavity* of the latter. In a word, being magnify'd beyond the *fallacy* of the beſt Glaſs, his Cloaths were too little for his *enlarg'd* Dimenſions; ſo that he burſt through the confines of his *ſcanty* caſe. Means preſently was us'd for the levelling of this Mountainous Vagrant, and

Hide-ſwoln; He was immediately plung'd into a Bath of Honey, which though a preſent cure of his Diſeaſe and Malady, yet was as great a cauſe of an inconvenience as bad; For a certain *Bear* not far off got his Medicine in the wind, and came galloping for a lick of her admir'd Dainties; which when the Jugler perceiv'd, having loſt through fear the retentive Faculty, he adulterated her Diſh by a mixture of ſomewhat that was of the ſame colour, though not ſo ſweet. The Jugler *hooſt* it away with a winged ſpeed; the Bear with a pair up and a pair down moſt ſwiftly purſu'd him. We ſtaid not to ſee the Iſſue of the Race, but advanc'd forward in a regular progreſſive motion, who after a little time were croſs'd by a Rivulet, which wrigled along with a crooked current; over which

which we convey'd our ſelves by *ſaltation.* On the other ſide of the Bank was a little *Arabia* of Sand, enough (I ſuppoſe) to ſupply all the *Hour-glaſſes* in the Country, nay perhaps and that of *Time* too till the laſt minute; near this Mountain of Sand lay proſtrate at length *two Iron* Wedges contiguous to a Block in *Folio*, which we ſuppos'd was to be rent into collops, and to become a *Sacrifice* to hungry *Vulcan.* There was a numerous *Family* of chips about it, which were different in ſhape, colour, and bigneſs, ſo that they ſeem'd not to be the offſpring of the ſame Parent; they lay in a *Chaos* without any order, amidſt which confuſion the unlucky *Gibeonite* that hew'd them loſt the head of his Ax: The *Decollation* whereof ſeem'd ominous to the Man, and made him ſuperſtiti-

ſtitiouſly leave his work: My ſelf and a couple of *Gadarens* that were driving Swine, made a diligent ſcrutiny for the *Noddle* of the Tool; which after ſome time we perceiv'd to lie entomb'd under the *Mauſoleum* of a good luſty ſhaving. We did not perceive that it was much damnify'd by its retirement, only the dampneſs of its *Urn* did ſomewhat abate and obſcure the eagerneſs of its edge, and the Luſtre of its Aſpect. We deliver'd it into the hands of its Owner, who preſently faſten'd it to the ſhoulders to which it did belong.

After a ſmall offering of thanks for our careful ſearch, the Swineherds turn'd to the left, and we wheeling to the right, after we had jog'd over ſome few Acres of a *phlegmatick* and cold conſtitution, moſt happily pop'd on the

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warmer Turf of a pleaſant Corn-field. 'Twas *fring'd* about with a Mound of Elder-trees, whoſe ambitious height, and luxurient Branches gave impregnable ſecurity to the neſtling Birds. The *Diameter* of a Path run through the midſt, whoſe *Poles* were tranſverſe or thwarted the *hinges* of the World. 'Twas environ'd on both ſides with a *Sea* of Corn, which being mov'd by the breath of *Æolus*, (that Bellows of the World) what a *Flux* and Re-flux was there of *waves* of Wheat! We paſs'd through this Territory and Dominion of *Ceres* with the moſt exalted delight. How did that *Goddeſs* ſit in Triumph there! What crowds of *Clients* bowing their ears to her Commands and Dictates? Every Land was parted with the *Iſthmus* of a Balk, on ſeveral of which lay the *Habiliments* of the Har-

veſters; An extended ſleeve of a Red Waſt-coat, embracing the collar of a Leathern Jump, and touching the hem of a *grafted* Petticoat, preſented us with the Idea of a pretty *Ward-Robe*. We went out of this Incloſure through the weſtern paſſage of a *three-raild* Gate: Upon which there did directly ſhoot the *aged* Fragments of a *decrepit* wall; which over-topping our ſtature in height and tallneſs, we were forc'd to add to our quantity a Nine-inch-ſtone, that raiſing our Dimenſions we might peep over it. There was ſcarce any thing remarkable on the other ſide, unleſs a vaſt Rolling-pin of humane ordure. 'Twas four Inches Diameter, and probably diſcharg'd from a *Muſket* bore, and that near upon the confines of a tuft of Wormwood, whoſe bitter ſcent mixt with the unſa-

unſavouryneſs of *Excrementitious* Atoms breath'd a medly kind of ſtink, and gave but ordinary entertainment to our offended Noſtrils. Among the Ruines of this Mound we diſcover'd the *Snout* and ſome other *Limbs* of a *murder'd* Dial; It was not ſo defac'd, but that we could diſcover in its *Phyſiognomy* ſome *martyr'd* Figures, that were yet legible, and there were ſome Relicks of Lines, that were not quite obliterated. Time I preſume (being vext perhaps that it ſhould obſerve its motions) hath ſet its Grinders in it, and out of *envy* and malice hath quite devour'd it. I am apt to think that this pile of Stones ſtood in its Native Country, where 'twas firſt bred, as may be conjectur'd from an adjacent Pillar, whoſe pregnancy (we fancy) produc'd this *litter* of Stones, it being the Mo-

ther of these *rockie Babes*. We advanc'd to the Orifice of this *Lapideous Womb*, where were hewing Mortals, by cruel *Midwifery* digging out the Offspring of teeming Earth. 'Twas an *unpolish'd* spectacle, and the Workmen were as *rough* and *uneven* as the Prospect; and the Artificers were as intractable and stubborn as the Materials, or Object of their Art. Two of the most *Brawny* Paviers stood lolling by the Mattock that pickt them out, and a single one in a decumbent posture lay prostrate at their feet, whose Northern Extremity perform'd the Office of a *Pedestal* to the *Embryo* of a Statue, which was but newly hatcht, and fashion'd in a bed of Sand. The Declivity of a corner near the entrance into th' Pit gave occasion to the water to *stagnate* into a Puddle; through which we did not

not ſail, though the trajection was very ſhort, but fetching a circuit about its ſhore, we went out at the paſſage through which we enter'd. But no ſooner had we convey'd our ſelves out of this *hole*, but after we had trac'd o're ſome few Furlongs of a *graſſy Pavement*, a certain Moity of our Bodies pop'd into *another*, and a few ſteps after ſome of our feet happen'd into a third; and a little while after, falling down, our hands were buried in two more. We wonder'd who had punch'd ſo many Eyelet-holes in the Earth's skin, till ſeeing a Robin *Run-a-hole* ſit mumping (like a Troglodite) in his houſe under ground, we perceiv'd the Incloſure we were in, was a well peopled *Warren*: We had a friſk or two after the Inhabitants of the place; but their *Heels* prevented our deſign on their

their *Scuts*, for the nimbleneſs of the *one* ſecur'd them from impoſition of *Salt* on the *other*. The *Sanctuary* of their Burrows defended them from the violence of all *Perſecutions*. Their *Cells* were contiguous, nay in ſome places they had broken down the Partitions, and by a frequent *Burglary* did invade the privacy of each others apartments. The *Dragon* that kept this *Garden* of Coneys was a *Zamzummin* in ſtature, a ſecond *Goliah*, whoſe hand was *Quarterſtaffe* with a mighty Beam. They told us of an *Hercules* or two that came to encounter this Keeper, who ('tis ſaid) did ſo *out-club* the Yermin, that inſtead of an *Auger-hole*, he made them earth themſelves in the Aſylum of a *Coney-hole*. The *Burrow* of the Keeper ſtood near the center of his Dominions, being the *Metropolitan*

litan Seat of that little *Nation* of Rabbets. The *Architecture* of the Fabrick was not contemptible, being ſtately in height, whoſe top was *crown'd* with the magnificence of *Turrets*, whoſe vigilant loftineſs had an eye to the ſecurity of the circumjacent Region: The biggeſt *wonderment* we beheld about it, was, That its *Head* did not ſhoot ſo far *upward* into one Element, but its *Feet* ſunk as low *downward* into another, it ſtanding knee-deep, nay almoſt up to the Waſt in Earth, having as many Stories under ground as it had above. Whether the Bucks or Does were the *Pioneers* that dug thoſe Cellars, or whether the Architect deſign'd them on purpoſe to prevent the underminings of thoſe notable *Delvers*, we are not ſo well able to determine. We eſpy'd in a corner a *wooden Strata-*

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gem or two, on purpoſe to entrap (we ſuppos'd) enſnaring Reynard, ſo that that living *Gin*, ſo fatal to Pullen, dy'd himſelf in a *wile*, and one *Trap* was *trapan'd* by another. 'Twas a well contriv'd *Ambuſh*, and pretty handſomely victual'd with a good luſty *Temptation*, which ſo wrought upon Reynard, that he could not by any means reſiſt its charms, though 'tis thought he was as *wiſe* a Fox as any in *Æſop*, whom we never met with, without a piece of *Morality* tackt to their Tails.

Having paſs'd the Bounds of this *Rabbet-Limbo*, it was not long before we were embrac'd within the confines of a ſpot of ground like an Orchard; For the Ranges of Vegetables gave us a ſhrewd ſuſpition that *Pomona* had had her reſidence in that place: Here *Autumnus* ſtood lolling under the preſſure

preſſure of a Burden, being ſcarce able to bear ſo many *wreaths* of Fruit. His Head was crown'd ſo, that it bow'd with Apples; ſo that ſhaking his ears as we paſs'd through, he did ſo pelt us with a *ſhower*, that the unlading of his *Noddle* made *fractures* in our Pates, and rais'd *Tumours* in *ſinciput* as big as Kentiſh Pippins. The place was pretty *populous* with Trees, the *squadrons* whereof ſeem'd to be well diſciplin'd, ſtanding in their Ranks, and as it were in *Battle-array* like a well order'd Army. Here were ſeveral degrees of Vegetables in wonderful ſubordination one under another from the *Commonalty* of Shrubs to the *Majeſty* of a Cedar. Here were *Inferior* and *Superior*, and (as it were) *Dignify'd* Fruit-Trees; among whom there ſtood a Pear-Tree, I ſuppoſe Lord *Primate* of the

the *Hierarchy*. In a South-weſt corner we eſpy'd a few *vermiculating* Hops, wrigling like worms up the *Pyramid* of a Pole; near which ſtood an Elm-Tree in the *Arms* of Ivy, which hugg'd it ſo cloſe, that it was almoſt *incorporated* into it by its *claſping* Embraces. The *Poſteriours* of the Elm-Tree were moſt barbarouſly *chaſtiz'd* by the Prickles of a Bramble, which the *Breath* of *Æolus* would often move with ſmart Jerks. One of our company taking an occaſion to paſs by one of theſe unſeen Briars, they preſently had their *Talons* clawing upon his back, and frighted the Man as much as the Buſh did *Demoſthenes*, which catching him by the Coat, made him (ſuppoſing it to be an Enemy) to cry out for Quarter: But the Fellow being *cas'd* in Leather, and the *Buffneſs* of his Coat being Armor-proof againſt

againſt the Briſtles and (as it were) *Hedghogiſm* of their Prickles, they could not faſten their Fangs in his Garment, wherefore (thanks to his Stars) the Man had no hurt, but was bleſs'd with a great deliverance. Toward the bottom of this Orchard lay proſtrate the Trunk of a ſlain *Myrtle*, and that not far from the verge or ſhadow of a *Cops* of Beans, pretty tall in ſtature, and well branch'd; by the *Coverlets* we ſaw there ſhould be *Beds* not far off, I ſuppoſe they were the *Lodgings* of Carrots, Turnips, and of other Roots. There were *Cabbages* grown to a commendable *globoſity*, the roundneſs whereof tempted us to a Game at *Foot-ball*; we banded them about ſufficiently, and made ſome of them caper over a Ten-foot wall. One of the Gameſters was hat juſt in the mouth, the bore whereof being

being too little for the Bullet, could not receive it into its *Orifice*, but however it *gelded* and dampt its fury, ſo that it did not retort with violence to the injury and detriment of any body elſe. We had ſweat longer at the Recreation and *Olympick* ſport of *Kick-Cabbage*, had not the Breath of *Cloacina* (her habitation being near) been ſo ſtrong, and been a nuſance unto us.

So that being *ſtunk* out of our *Quarters*, we turn'd our *Quarters* upon the *ſtink*, and travel'd over a Grate into a Church-yard: The Track of our path lay between the *Manſion houſe* of the Levite on the left hand, and the *Church* on the right; behind which towards the South there *ſtood* or *lay* (we cannot tell which) a weather-beaten *Tomb*, which was *Mouſe-eaten* at one end by that *Vermin* Time

Time, that nibbles all things: It ſeem'd to be an inverted *Hog-Trough* turn'd topſy-turvy with its muzzle downward; but whether it was or not, or whether it was purpoſely erected as a *Monument* to preſerve the memory of thoſe Aſhes that lay under it, we cannot tell, tho we have ſome reaſon to ſuſpect the Former, in regard there were ſo many Swine a digging about, who with the natural *Spades* of their noſes, had almoſt made a *Pit-hole* for the *Stone*, and ſo had like to have bury'd *one grave* in another. Here was a whole *Herd* of Swine a rooting as if they had been turn'd in on purpoſe to root up *Chriſtians*, as they are in the Feilds in *Italy* to dig up Turffles. A little *Wall* lay ſculking about this Territory of the Dead, which we ſuppos'd was plac'd

there as a *Bulwark* to their Aſhes, but it prov'd but a feeble Fence againſt the intruſion of the Lambs, who made frequent *Capreolls* into this adjacent Dormitory: The mound was rais'd a little, and cap'd with Turf, and environ'd with the hollowneſs of a good handſome Ditch; but yet, neither *Cap* nor Ditch could keep theſe Animals from *Lap-frogging* over them, from grazing in a *Charnel-houſe*, and from turning a *Cœmitery* of Shades and Ghoſts into a *Feeding Paſture* of hungry Beaſts.

We mounted this wall, and mov'd on towards the Weſtern period of our intended Journey. The bordering cloſe was *pimpled* with mole-hills, which ſeem'd but young *Protuberances* not bliſter'd into the bigneſs of ſome neighbouring Banks. Leaving this ground

ground behind us, we deſcended the Declivity of an adjoyning Paſture pretty well *bearded* or *briſtled* with Thorns and Buſhes; and ſo paſs'd through a Farmers yard, where we ſaw an *Alps* of Straw, with Swine (inſtead of Snow) a groveling a-top on't; which put us in mind of the *Ambition* of Goats, who are always clambering up the crags of Rocks. The Weſtern Extremity of the Wheat-Hovil ſhot directly up the Barn, an *Appendix* to which ſtood the *Apartment* of the Hogs, over which was *perch't* a Rooſt for Poultry.

Not far from this Country *Tuſculum* ſtood the *Iſland* of a houſe in the embraces of a Moat, like Ticho's *Uranoberg* in the midſt of the Sea; An antient Pile, a Reverend *Neſt* of as Venerable a *Bird*, which having taken her Flight

hath left it a ſolitude. The greateſt Obſervables were a little ſilent *Bell* in *Duodecimo*, which being utterly *Diſleepled*, hung between the collops of an old wall, or rather a *Mortar* invers'd, which had loſt its Peſtle, ſo that it was not vocal by ſtroke of *internal Clapper*, but by knocks and blows of *external Hammer*; within the ſound of this Bell ſtood a lolling *waſhing-Block*; being a woodden kind of *Anvil*, where the *She-Vulcans* were *hammering* out with Battle-Door the Filth of Linnen, whoſe unctuous Diſtillations were the *Nile* that water'd the little *Egypt* of the adjacent garden.

Having mov'd from this Manſion about three or four Furlongs, we paſs'd by the skirts of a *rotatile Engine*, in ſhape not unlike an Houſe, being *pack-ſall'd* at Top with a aridge: it ſeem'd to ſtand upon

upon ſtilts, and to be a moving Habitation like thoſe of the *Getes*. 'Twas *prefac'd* with a *Portico*, into which we aſcended by a ſcale of Stairs. The whiſtling Wind breath'd a *Vertigo* in its Pate, whoſe giddyneſs communicating a motion to its Grinders, made it *whirlegig* the grain into Flower. A little diſtant from hence beyond a ſmall ſandy Deſert ſtood a Village, whoſe *Steeple* was in its center, not unlike the *Maſt* of a Ship. This Tower as to outward appearance had a *Portly Perſon*: yet they told us it had the imperfection of Dumbneſs; it having been *Diſbell'd* for ſome years. They were alarm'd to Church by the Report of a *Muſket*, which the Clerk (being an eminent *Gunner*) did uſually diſcharge at every mans Door. This Clerk was a *Weaver* by Trade,

and had relation to a *Loom*, wherein he had been *ambling* for several years with one Foot *up* and the other *down*, and with all his treading hath scarce got cloth enough to repair the Breaches of his tatter'd Elbows. They told us that his Trade and he had lately been at *Cuffs*, and are just upon parting, it being such a *Limb-wagging* Profession, that he is not able to endure the *Pennance* of it. This man had wonderful skill in *sweeping* the Church, and 'tis thought could tell what a *Clock* 'twas at the *South* Dial as well as most *Astronomers*; He was also a pretty Man of *his hands* for *singing*; For when the Tune one Sunday had *ambled* from him into the Chancel, and had almost caught a fall among the *Non-songsters*; really they told us that this *Notable Man* gave it such a neat

jerk,

jerk, as that he *twitch* it into the Church ſtrangely. Now (I ſay) for the Clerk to have a rare knack of ſecuring the *Hymn* from thoſe that would ſteal it, Oh! Tis an execllent thing! The moſt remarkable things in this Town were an *Eccleſiaſtical* Wall made of *Sæcular* Mud, which mounded in the Introduction of the Parſonage: it afforded ſecure Harbour to *Vagrant Bees*, who randevozing here, became a *Colony*; They made ſo many Cells in it, that it appear'd to be the Fragment a Reverend *Hony-Comb*. Not far from this grew a Tree in *Folio*, an huge, thick, ſquot Elm, *pounded* within the circumferences of 4 Benches, which we ſuppos'd to be ſeats made a purpoſe for the *Poſterns* of Spectators, when *Whitſun-Ale* is ſolemniz'd with *Feſtivity* of Fiddle, and celebrated with *Caper* after Pipe and Tabour.

Immediately after our Departure from this place, night overtook us, whoſe *Sables* eclipſing the Splendor of the Day, ſhortned our courſe, and *crooken'd* our Career aſide to look for a Lodging. An happy *Retroſpect* oblig'd us with the *Proſpect* of *glimmering* Thatch, which the nearer we approacht, the more viſibly it appear'd in the ſhape of an *Houſe*. It was call'd by way of Irony a *Caſtle*, whoſe Governour was a decay'd *Taylor*, who having loſt through an *unfortunate* hole of his Pockets, his Needles, Thimble, thoſe *Chattels* of his Breeches, and Implements of his Vocation, was reduc'd to poverty. The Man was *nimble* of *foot*, though a *Dwarf* in *bulk*, ſo that nine of ſuch might very well club to the *elementing* of a Man. After a ſmall Collation of *Tripe* and *Buttermilk*, we tript up

a Ladder to the apartments of our ſeveral Cabbins, where with the *Poppies* of ſleep we refreſht our Noddles to the great comfort and ſatisfaction of our wearied Carkaſſes. After Va'ediction to Prickloufe, the next morning we ſet out with the Sun, and had not went above a mile or two, but we heard the rumor of a ſad *diſaſter* which had lately befaln a Country *Corydon*, which was the loſs of a whole pound of Candles, ſuppos'd to be ſtoln by ſome *high-way* Rat at one *Robbery*. The Relations were various as to the manner of the theft; ſome ſay he carry'd them away behind him like a *burden* of ſticks; others ſay, that he hung them by his ſide like *Bandileers*, but moſt agree that he laid them upon his ſhoulder one by one, and ran arm'd away with the Luminaries as with ſo many Muſkets.

kets. We were ſomewhat amaz'd at the horror of that ſad ſtory, fearing leſt we our ſelves ſhould be a *Prey* to thoſe bold *Banditi*, who being pretty *greaſie*, ſeem'd to be a good handſome *Bait*, and ſo being miſtaken for *Rats-bane*, might be *pouch'd* by the Vermin: But (thanks to the Stars) we eſcap'd the Fate of the *Biſhop* of *Mentz*, and march'd on upon the *Fore-head* of a ſmooth Mountain, upon the ſummity whereof *ſquotted* another Hill; but it bore no proportion to the ſeat it ſate on, being but a *Pimple* to it, as that was but a *Mole-hill* to the whole Globe; it put us in mind of *Pelion* clambering upon the back of *Oſſa*, that falſe *Heraldry* of the Giants, Hill upon Hill, by which Bunches they thought to have ſcal'd Heaven; the *Crown* of the uppermoſt was ſomewhat depreſt

and

and ſunk into the *hollowneſs* of a little Valley, about which ſtood the natural *Banniſters* of ſome Thorn-buſhes, whoſe folding Branches weav'd into a *lattice*, which *threaded* by the Sun-beams *dappled* the ground with a pleaſant *checquer-work*, and yielded beſides a good handſome ſhade to the panting Sheep, whoſe Fleeces diſcover'd them to have taken ſanctuary here againſt the *Perſecutions* of the violent heat; for the Cattle feeding within the covert, and ruſhing through the Brake, every Briar took *Toll* of their Coats, and *excis'd* their Backs as faſt as they fill'd their Bellies; on every ſprig there hung a Fragment of their *Liveries*, and the whole hedge was *cloath'd* with tatter'd Fleeces, as if Wooll had been *vegetable* and had grown there. Theſe *ſpoils* were lookt upon as excellent Booty to vagrant Youth, who went about ſtripping, plun-

plundering, and (as it were) *Sheep-ſhearing* the hedges: We met a crew of theſe *Pickeering* Wool-gatherers, the very *Emblems* of Beggery, and but once remov'd from vileſt *Raſcality*; one Shooe a-piece, and half a Hat, a *Remnant* of a Doublet, and a *Moiety* of a Sleeve, a pair of *Diſpocket* Breeches, and a *jagged* Jump, were the flower of their Accoutrements, except two or three locks of Wool tuck'd like Scuts under their Girdles as a *Badge* of their profeſſion, and ſome cram'd Stockins *bobbing* at their ſides as *Trophies* of their Pyracies.

Some few Furlongs from hence there was a *mixt Aſſembly* of Kine and Goats at dinner upon the *Lawns*; their Meal was interrupted by the unwelcome ſalutes of troubleſome Breeze, whoſe *ſtimulation* of Rump did engender ſuch

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a Frolick, that with *curled* Tail and tos'd up Horn they run gadding and bellowing, and with their vocal Friskings, with a pleasant kind of terror, did at once both *recreate* and affright the astonish'd Beholders: The Magistrate or *Herds-man*, that kept these Animals, was in the midst of the Tumult, who finding himself miserably involv'd in a *Hubbub*, with furious Club chastiz'd their Gamesomness, and with mighty bussling becalm'd the uproar. This Fellow was a strange Creature, wonderfully *Goth'd*, and *all-to-be-Vandall'd* even to Barbarity it self. A Clown in grain! An uncultivated Boor! A Beast of the Herd in humane shape. We propos'd a Quæry or two about the *Genius* of the Place; he told us the Soil was cold, and big with *clay*, and would doubtless yield a good

Harvest

Harveſt of Tobacco-pipes: And as for the People, he ſaid they were a *Pan-pudding* ſort of People, much addicted to that vile ſort of Creature. A whole Table at a Chriſtening is ſpread with a *Yard* of *Pudding*, and a *Balk* of Beef, a *Ridge* of one and a *Furrow* of the other, which did ſo wonderfully work upon their Chops, and made their mouths ſo water, that two of the chiefeſt *Grandees* of the Town, the *Hogherd* and the *Heyward* fell ſeriouſly to ſnouting for ſome few Morſels: the *two-ear'd* Pitcher that ſtood upon the Bench was Mr.-*Prinn'd* in the ſcuffle, *i. e.* loſt a Lug in the Fray; and we were inform'd afterward that the *Diſtaff* loſt a Lock or two of its Flaxen *Periwig*.

Among *Rational* wonders the moſt remarkable Miracle of this Place, was an eminent *Cot-queen*,

a

a *meer* Woman in the habit of a *Man*, a kind of *Mal-cut-purs'd* Creature, an *Epicæne* Animal of a *twisted* Gender, who hath a *Petticoat* Soul in a *Trunk-Breech'd* Body, and ſcandalizeth *Virility* by skill in *Houſewifery*. He ſpins (they ſay) like a Spider, and makes his Wheel giddy by a ſwift *Vertigo*; we obſerv'd him to be *ſtately* in his gate when he advanceth up to Spindle; and indeed was *retrograde* again with no little *Gravity*. He is a learned *Craftsman* in the making of Diet, a notable *Food-Framer*, who buffets the Cream till he hath *frighted* it into a conſiſtence, and knock'd it into Butter, and afterward ſqueezes with dexterity of Fiſt. He was endow'd with the gift of toſſing of Pan-cakes, and had a wonderful knack at tempering the Materials of a Bag-pudding. He

ſurpaſs'd

ſurpaſs'd the Dairy-maids in *Milk-pan* accompliſhments, and was excellently qualified for a Meal-Tub Office. He ſqueez'd the Curds with *Cheeſe-preſs* Bum, and kneads the Dough with fulch of Elbow. He is a *Critick* at ſweeping, and manageth the Beeſome with mighty skill. We could hardly diſcern any mote of duſt, he having *diſlodg'd* from Crevis even the ſmalleſt Atoms; we were dazled with the *Sun-ſhine* of his radiant *Braſs*, which was exceedingly enlighten'd by *modern* cleanſing, he being a ſingular ſcowrer, and very knowing and able at Sand and *Oiſter-ſhel.*

This *Hen-Houſe wife*-Mortal liv'd a monkiſh kind of Life, being cloiſter'd up in a deſolate habitation of a certain Gentleman, who, we ſuppoſe, does ſee him to dwell there to affright the Mice, and to be

be a *Bull-beggar* to the Rats; and alſo to terrifie a worſe kind of *Vermin* which we call *Theeves*, who are apt to creep through the *Mouſe-hole* of a window, and to nibble away the Furniture of a diſpoſſeſt houſe: or poſſibly he might abide there to repair its breaches, and to recover it from its crazineſs, and by the wholeſome *Phyſick* of frequent Fires to keep it in *health*, and to perſwade it not to tumble, but to remain ſtill a Manſion to the Family that owns it.

We taſted here of the Hoſpitality of this fœmaſculine wight, who ſpread a Joynt-ſtool with ſeveral ſorts of Viands; which though not very *delicate*, yet the variety might atone and make amends for their *meanneſs*. Here was the *Epidermis* of a Hog, the outward skin call'd the *Swerd* of

Bacon, which was infected with the Jaundice, and look'd yellow; here was the Hull of a Pescod plunder'd of its Peaſe, and corn'd with Salt, ſome broken Fragments of Sheeps Trotters S. *Lawrenc'd* on a Gridiron; the offal of a Lark, the minc'd Spurs of a *Bootleſs* Cock, a skim'd Quadrant of ſoft Cheeſe, well ſawc'd with the *Butt-ends* of forked Scallions, the mouldy reverſion of an *Antiquated* Loaf dipt in the verdure of Water-creſſe Pottage, afforded us the refreſhment of a pretty Collation; by the vertue whereof being ſomewhat recruited, we mov'd forward and crep up the *Brisket* of a ſmall Mountain, upon whoſe ſloaping deſcent ſtood a Quadrangular *sheep-pen*, which we paſs'd through, and found pitcht with *Buttons*, a pretty ſort of Floor and Modern *Moſaick*. Not far from the moſt eaſtern

eaſtern hurdle (as near as we could obſerve) lean'd a ruinous Bridge, which glory'd in the paſſage but of one Arch, and that ſeem'd rather *Natural* than *Artificial*; for the Impetuoſity of the Current having bor'd an hole through a heap of ſtones, lick'd it into the ſhape of an indifferent Arch: At the Foot whereof ſtood a Smiths Shop, about a Bay of watling; it ſeem'd to be a pretty reverend Seat as we gather'd from the Mantle of Green Moſs upon its back. Though it was cover'd with ſtubble *without*, yet it was pretty tolerably furniſh'd with Iron *within*, as thread-bare Horſe-ſhoes, bits of Keys, ſome few ſemicircles of Iron Rings, odd Links of *interrupted* Fetters, and a broken *Series* of a diſcontinued Chain. The *Vulcan* was in his Den, and was hammering out Hob-nails for

Countrey hoof. His Forge was rais'd from the ground like an *Altar*, upon which there did burn (as it were) a *Veſtal* Fire, which blaſt of Bellows made much to bubble up in this little *Mongibel*. What Cinders were belch'd from this flaming *Veſuvius*, whoſe ſmoak and aſhes beſmutted the *Pluto* in this Infernal Region! who having Primitive Apparel, *i. e.* being *skin'd* over with a Caſe of *Leather*, and having a ſwarthy Complexion, did with the *grimneſs* of his Aſpect, and with the horrible *ruſſel* of his Breeches, fright one of the Dogs of our company into a fit of ſickneſs; we imagin'd the Cur might miſtake him for a *Tinker*, who is commonly a *Diſeaſe*, or at leaſt a *Nuſance* to thoſe Creatures.

We ſaw nothing hereabouts very remarkable, only we met ſeveral Maſtiffs

Maſtiffs laden with the *Cargo* of good luſty Bones in their mouths; they were ambling eaſtward; a very fine ſpectacle to ſee a Regiment of Curs trooping along inſtead of *Bilboa*, arm'd with *Shoulder-blades*. We wonder'd at firſt from whence ſuch plenty of *Anatomy* as to furniſh them, till ſpying the Carkaſs of a dead Palfry, we perceiv'd they had been feaſted with the Viands of his Fleſh, and ſtole the Skeleton Piece-meal. A Baker chanc'd to come by through a Gap near at hand, mounted upon juſt ſuch another *Morſel*, ripe for Collar-maker, which being ſurpriz'd with the ſpectacle of his Brother *Carrion*, took an occaſion to ſtart, and to diſburden himſelf of his Load; which ſad misfortune prov'd a lucky accident to the Dogs, whereby they were furniſh'd with *Bread* to their Meat.

Not far from hence was a ſcurvy Slough, moſt fatal (as is obſerv'd) to Millers, whom it ſups up into the *Abyſſe* of its profundity; we ſaw one moving *a-tit-up*, *a-tit-up*, till he flounc'd in, and by a moſt diſaſtrous *Pitch-pole* into mud and dirt, diſcolour'd his Coat, that was candy'd with the *effluviums* of his mealy Bags. The *Neck-lace* of Bells about the creſt of his Beaſt ceas'd to be ſonorous, being quite choak'd. His Meal through fright and moiſture was metamorphoz'd into Pudding; and ſpunging up the Liquor, it grew ſo heavy, that it *thriv'd* into ſuch unweildineſs, as that it was almoſt unmoveable: we cautelouſly wav'd the danger of this dirt by diverting a little toward the northern parts of this Quagmire, and ſo in a dainty fine Path, and that not meanly beautify'd with variety of

of Flowers, we continu'd our Journey very proſperouſly, only one of our company had a moſt calamitous fall over an unhappy clod of the *firſt magnitude*, which undermining his Pedeſtals, gave him a prepoſterous *ſquob*, his head ſaluting the ground firſt, to the great detriment of the *outward man*. There run parallel with this Path a pitcht Cauſey (as we ſuppos'd) about ten Furlongs, we ſtept into it, and follow'd its track till it brought us into the deſert of a Common, not ſo much as accommodated with Horſe, Tree, Houſe, or Man, ſo that here we felt the rigour of ſomewhat call'd hardſhip, the Stomack barking, the Hoof galling, the Winds whiſtling, and the Heavens dropping; all theſe conſpir'd to make us miſerable. At laſt arriving to the borders of the Wilderneſs, we were

courteouſly receiv'd into an hoſpitable Hamlet, where we enjoy'd the bleſſing of an indifferent refreſhment. We took up our Quarters here that night, and paſs'd away the evening in ſome pertinent Quæries about obſervables in the Place. They preſented us with a *pretty curioſity* which ſeldom occurs, and that was the Copy of a Brief containing the Loſſes of a diſtreſſed Virgin, which becauſe the form and ſtile is ſomewhat unuſual, we care not much if we here inſert.

The Copy of a BRIEF.

To all Ladies, Gentlewomen; whether Maids, Wives or Widows, or others of that ſofter Sex, of what ſtate and condition ſoever, whether Waiting-women, Semſtreſſes, Spinſters, Bawds, Punks, Doxies, and all other Petticoateers, from thoſe who through *wantonneſs* have naked *Backs* to thoſe who through *want* have naked *Bums*, Greeting.

WHereas *we are credibly inform'd by our truſty and well-beloved* Roger Thwickwack *of* B. *in the County of* Salop *Jumper, and* Arthur Twitch-box, *Smoaker,* Cadwallader Whipwhop, *Wreſtler,* Anthony Snug, *Fidler,* Giles Firker *Bum-bruſher, and ſeveral others of the*

the like Laudable Profeſſions; *That our beloved Subject Mrs.* A. C. *of the Town and County aforeſaid Damſel, hath lately ſuſtain'd a great loſs by a moſt lamentable misfortune, which on the fifth of this inſtant moſt miſerably befell her after this manner following.*

There was a certain Glaſs-caſe of a Gad-fly *colour,* i. e. *a little inclining to a Calf-dung Yellow, and ſomewhat of a dwarfiſh ſize, not much exceeding the ſtature of a Cricket; it was ſupported by the ſtrength of a double Thong at the* North-weſt *Point of her Chamber, where for ſome time it had continu'd in a* pendulous *poſture, and had arriv'd to a great repute of* civility *and meekneſs, whereby it did much exceed, and frequently put to th' bluſh the other Utenſils of her Chamber.*

Now this Poor Thing, by reaſon of the rudeneſs of two luſty Puſſes, *whether*

whether affrighted at their Caterwawling, *or it being not able to bear them in the* Acts of Love, *we cannot tell, but certain it is, it let go its hold, and after a dismal manner came blundering down, attended with the* ruine *and desolation of several* Jiggumbobs *and* Jimcracks, *to the great loss and detriment of our poor distressed Subject. --- The Particulars whereof are as follow.*

1. *The Ivory* Gums *of a* Toothless *Comb.*

2. *A little* Bottle-breecht *Glass, repleniss'd with* Love-Powder.

3. *A Brace of* blind *Needles that lost their* Eyes *in the tumble.*

4. *A* Double *Scut of an Hare ty'd up with a* single *Pack-thread.*

5. *The* latter end *of an old Broomstaff.*

6. *The* Butt-end *of an old Sugarloaf.*

7. *The True-Lovers* Knot *made in wire.*

8. *A*

8. *A ſquare bit of Tin.*

9. *The Margin of a broad Hat.*

10. *One Finger-ſtall.*

11. *Two Tags.*

12. *A crackt Glaſs with a club-foot.*

13. *The skin of an Onion ſtufft with Arſenick.*

14. *One* Whisker *of a* Bearded *Arrow.* --- *The loſs of which Tackle and Implements amounting to a Sum of great value, we do ſend our Letters Patents to beg the Charitable Benevolence of all well-diſpos'd Perſons, hoping that they will be pleas'd to take the* deplorable *condition of our unhappy Subject into their* ſerious *conſideration:* --- *For is it not a ſad thing to loſe ſo commodious a Place to lay pretty things in, and all by the miſdemeanour of two* unmannerly Cats? *For where will this our Subject lay her* Gally-pots *and Syrups, her Gums and Pomatum?*

Had

Had these Mount-hunters *only eas'd Nature there, and then gingerly departed, they had been very excusable; but first to come* slyly *into a Ladies Chamber, and then to* squobble *and fall out there, and the midst of their Quarrel to* pursue *one another to the top of a Shelf, and there to* renew *the Battle again, and to* box *one another till themselves did fall, and to demolish that very thing which supported them in their bickering; as the* Fool *in the Fable saw'd off the Bough he sate on. Oh! this is a sad thing.*

Another Living observable *we met with here was the* Fragment *of a Physitian, whose pretences to Learning were very great, but by converse we found him to have more* Stomack *than* Brains, *and therefore was like to have more consolation in a* Kitchin *than in a* Study; *for there perhaps he may find a* job *of work for his*

his Grinders; *whereas he knows not what to do with his* Books, *unleſs he ſhould act the Moth, and* eat *them. One of our Company perceiv'd his Parts to lie more towards the* Powdering-tub, *than his* Pharmacopeia; *for whilſt he is buſie in the* former *he may keep himſelf* alive, *but when he reads in the* latter *he kills his Patients. We had ſome Roſt-beef to Supper, and we commonly found him within an inch of the Dripping-pan, with an* Acre of *Bread in his hand, which he call'd a Sop, with which, when our backs were turn'd, he uſually ſpung'd up the Dripping, and cheated Sir-Loin, and robb'd its Knighthood of its due moiſture. A Scholar of our Company perceiv'd him to be well read in Papers that ſkreen the Back of a Limb of Roſt, and that he found a great deal of matter in the* Socks *that are on the Souls of Mince-pies.*

After

After a days Journey from hence, we set our Feet upon *Welch Turf*, and indeed were strangely surpriz'd at the *uncouthness* of many things that did salute us here.

The Countrey is *tuckt* in on all sides with the Sea, except on the East, on which part it was *ditcht* in from *England* by that *notable Delver* King *Offa*, King of the *Mercians*: Over this Dike if any Welch-man chance to skip with his Sword by his side, by King *Harolds* Law, he was to lose a *Branch* of his Body, *i. e.* his right Arm was lopt off by the Kings Officers.

Some think it had its Name from its *God-father Idwallo* Son to *Cadwallader*, who with a small crew of *Brittons* at the arrival of the *Saxons* hid themselves in this Corner. Others suppose them to be

be the *Spawn* of the *Gauls*, from whom they ſeem to be but a few *Aps* remov'd; Ap *Galloys* Ap *Gauls*, Ap *Wallois* Ap *Wales*.

As for the *Inhabitants*, they are a pretty ſort of Creatures, which when we ſaw, we were ſo far from *ſtroaking* them with the *Palms* of Love, that we were almoſt ready to *buffet* them with the *Fiſt* of Indignation. They are a *rude* People, and want much *Inſtruction*. For when we conſider the *ſoil* from whence they *ſprang*, and the *Deſerts* and Mountains wherein they *wander*, we cannot but think that greater pains ſhould be taken in cultivating and manuring, in diſciplining and taming them, in regard 'tis harder for a *Bear-ward* to teach civility to the *Beaſts* of *Africa*, than to thoſe that come from a more *mannerly* Country: --- We do not ſay that when

when they are in their Countrey they do (like Bears and Foxes) live in Woods and Foreſts, (for I preſume they have more *Sun* than *Shade*, and ſo more *Fire* than *Wood*) but if we agree with *Geographers*, and are of an opinion that they are Inhabitants of a *Wilderneſs*, and are *Landlords* of a Common, as I and every body elſe are owners of the Air, we muſt beg their pardon for our conceit. We have been inform'd that they were dug from a *Quarry*, and that they dwell in a *ſtony* Land; ſo that if we compare this Kingdom to a *Man*; (as ſome do *Italy* to a Man's *Leg*) they inhabit the very *Teſticles* of the Nation. And I pray what are thoſe but the vileſt of Creatures that breed as well in the *Privities* of the *greater* Brittiſh World, as thoſe that are hatcht in the *Pudenda* of the leſſer? But

whether Welch-men are the *Aborigines* of their Countrey, as Crab-lice are the *Autochthones* of theirs, and proceed only (like them) from the *excrements* of their Soil, we ſhall not here diſpute. They are of a *Boriſh* behaviour, of a *Savage* Phyſiognomy; the *ſhabbineſs* of their Bodies, and the *Baoticalneſs* of their Souls, and that, which cannot any otherwiſe be expreſt, the *Welchneſs* of both, will fright a Man as faſt from them, as the *odneſs* of their Perſons invites one to behold them. Some of them are ſuch *rude* and *indigeſted* Lumps, ſo far from being *Men*, that they can ſcarce be advanc'd into *Living* Creatures; nay they are ſuch unmanageable *Materials* that they can ſcarce be hewn into the ſhape of *Blocks*; much Labour and Art is requir'd therefore to make them *Statues*. They

They are not much given to *fighting*, as by a Speech it appears that was utter'd by hur nown Country-man, who when drawn out upon ſome Deſign, began to *pur* and murmur after this manner.

" Hur hath worn out her Freez " *Preeches*, and all hur Cloaths; " and now hur can get no Money " to keep hur, or to buy hur ſome " *Cows-baby*, and hur could hear " nothing but *Marſh*, *Marſh!* and " Drums beat, hur was therefore " (once for all) now reſolv'd to " fight no longer, but to go into " hur nown Countrey. --- They are much inclin'd to *Choler*; for hur Welch Plood is ſoon mov'd, and then hur *ſtamp* and *ſtare*, and ſcrat hur Pole, and vent hur fury in *ud.-plutter-a-nails*, and will fight for hur life in battle at Fiſty-cuffs.

The whole Nation (like a *German* Family) is of one *Quality*;

for as every Lords Son is a *Lord here*, ſo every one is crown'd with the Title of *Gentleman there*; ſo that hur Countrey is a good *Paſture* for an *Herald* to bite in. Who can't chooſe but grow *fat* among ſuch worſhipful *Genealogies*. We were much ſurpriz'd at the thoughts of their Rank, and did not ſuſpect ſo much Gentility among ſuch a People; when we ſaw ſo many *Coats* without *Arms*, we could not imagine they had any with *them*, but fancy'd they had more need of a *Taylor* than of *Clarentius*, and of a *Prick-louſe* to ſtitch up and compoſe their *Breaches*, rather than an *Herald* to blazen their *Families*. They appear'd to us to be very ill accoutred Gentry: But however vileneſs of *Equipage* is no blot in *Scutcheon*; as may be eaſily made out from this following Narrative. When King

James

James commanded all that were *Gentlemen* in an Army to paſs by him, he obſerving a *Rag-a muffin* to hobble in the Rear of the Train, commanded him to be ſtopt, becauſe he look'd not like a Gentleman; but *Taphy* cry'd out that hur was as good a Shentleman as the beſt, only hur Cattle was not ſo good. In their *Travels* they care not much that their Horſes ſhould drink with a *Toſt*; as appears by the wrath which *Shenkin* diſcover'd, whom his quaffing Beaſt had *pitch-pol'd* into a River. *Uds-plutter-a-naits* (quoth he) in great fury, what cannot hur drink without a *Toſt?* He took it much in dudgeon, that that the Jade ſhould be ſo *bold* as to make a *Sop* of his Maſter.

They do not always obſerve the Rules of *Juſtice* in their Puniſhments; oftentimes chaſtizing one

Body for another, and ſo *miſplace* their rigour on the undeſerving; as will be very evident from this following Inſtance. A certain *Taylor* ferrying over a River in their Countrey with a *Diminutive* Nag; the Steed never uſing to travel by Water, and wondering that he *ſtood* ſtill and *mov'd*, was poſſeſt with fear, and made ſome *diſturbance* in the Boat, to the great endangering of the Paſſengers: The Welch-man being in jeopardy, was *fir'd* with anger, and without any wings he *flew* on the Taylor, and reveng'd the injury of the *Paſſy* on poor Prickloufe. The *Stitcher* ſwadled the *ſcrupling* Horſe, and *Taphy* beat the *Stitcher*, to the great *diverſion* and *grief* of the Spectators.

The *Materials* of his Apparel are uſually a well ſhagg'd *Freez*, ſo that we cannot call it *ſleepy*, being

being fleec'd with a *Nap* like any Sheep-skin: It affords excellent *harbour* to the Vermin of his Body, which whether it be ſtockt with ſtore of *Joicements* of them, he commonly ſignifies by the *Symbol* of a ſhrug.

His *Faſhion* is generally a Pair of *oblong* Trowzes made of a Brace of Cloak-bags, ſuppos'd to be Twins; theſe tackt together are a perfect *Emblem* of his *crural* Attire. This Garment had *conjugal* Affinity to a thing call'd a Doublet of the ſame Linage; a copious Veſtment, very roomthy and capacious, able to comprehend both his Arms in the ſingle Pudding-bag of one Sleeve; its uppermoſt *confines* were hem'd with the ſcanty *dimenſions* of a contracted Collar, but its lower *extremity* was border'd with the *Paraphraſe* of amplify'd Lappets. The *Summity*

of his Head is commonly *crown'd* with a *Monmouth* Cap, and its *Crown* is commonly *pinnacled* with the *Battlement* of a Button. Cuffs are an *Innovation*, things which their Anceſtors were ſeldom guilty of; and indeed *Bands* and clean Linnen are an *upſtart* Invention; being the modern effects of the pride of their huge ones, whereas *Primitive Brittiſhneſs* was never acquainted with the *habiliment* of a *Shirt*. Their Feet it ſeems are of an hot Complexion, for they often air their *diſtockin'd* Pettitoes; and if they had any Hoſen they were the *offspring* of their Drawers, to which they were faſten'd by Leathern *Ligaments*. The *Perfection* of a Welch-mans Equipage, the *cream* (as it were) of his Accoutrements, and that which compleats even his moſt *Feſtival* Attire, is (as the Story goes) an old

old Sword of hur nown breeding, which hur hath brought up from a Tagger: And this he can brandiſh with much valour againſt the Tremendous on-ſet of *Dragooning* Bees; a kind of Enemy which the Taphy is much afraid of, in regard he is always arm'd with a Pike in's Rere, which once upon a time being faſten'd in his Forehead, *broacht* ſuch a Pore in his *Phyſiognomy*, that he could never endure thoſe *hum-buzzing* Shentlemen (as he calls them) in Yellow Doublets.

The Countrey is mountainous, and yields pretty handſome *clambering* for Goats, and hath variety of Precipice to *break* ones neck; which a Man may ſooner do than *fill* his belly, the Soil being barren, and an excellent place to breed a Famine in. It is reported of *Campania*, That it was the moſt

moſt noble Region in the World, the Air *pleaſant*, the Soil *fertil*, the *Theater* of *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, where they were at *Fiſt-cuffs* for the Preheminence; but we perceiv'd no ſuch *ſcuffle* in *Wales*; for thoſe Deities are ſo far from *fighting* there, that we could not diſcern that they were ſo much as *ever* there; there being ſcarce water and Oat-meal to give us *being*, we could not expect *Ægypt* and the *Canaries*, Butts and Granaries to give us a *well-being*: There is no *Canaan* to be found in the Arms of a *Deſart*.

The *Commodities* of the Nation are chiefly Woollen-cloaths, as Cottons, Bays, *&c.* of which their tatter'd Backs are an ill ſign of; for ſure they are not ſo ſilly to furniſh *other* Countries with Rayment, and to go naked *themſelves*.

As

As for the *Diet* of the *Britton*, it is not very delicate, neither is he curious in it; for if he ſhould, his *Appetite* perhaps might curſe his *nicety*, and by pleaſing his *Palate* he may ſtarve his *Belly*. A good meſs of *Flummery*, a pair of Eggs he rejoyces at as a Feaſt, eſpecially if he may cloſe his Stomack with *toſted* Cheeſe; a morſel for which he hath a great kindneſs. You may ſee him pictur'd ſometimes with that *crevis* in his Head call'd a Mouth, charg'd at both corners with a *creſcent* of Cheeſe, and himſelf a *cock-horſe* on a Red-herring, and his Hat adorn'd with a *Plume* of Leeks: Good edible *Equipage!* which when hunger pinches, he makes bold to nibble; he firſt eats his Cheaſe and his Leeks together, and for ſecond courſe he devours his Horſe. He never much car'd for a *Sop*, ſince once upon a time it *drank* up all his

his Drink, and would not *club* to pay his Shot.

As for his *Perſon*, his ſtature is of the loweſt ſize, not above a Stair or two above one *Story*; and we found always a Cock-loft, and that uſually *empty*. His Face uſually *bubbles* into Tumors and Puſtles. Beſides the natural *Haut-gouſt* of Body that breaths from grain, he uſually ſends forth an *artificial ſmell*, which you may wind as far as the Extream *Unction* of twenty Funerals, only the *ſcent* is not ſo ſweet: he ſmells as rankly of the *ſingle* ſtink of Brimſtone, as a Gold-finder of a *medly*; for a ſcurvy Diſeaſe commonly call'd the *Scrubado* makes frequently an *Inroad* into his Perſon, and invades his Body; ſo that he is forc'd to choak his Enemy by ſtink of Sulphur. 'Tis a *creeping* Diſtemper, whoſe progreſs is checkt by mortification, ſo that when he *leaves off* his

his Shirt, that is, when it *leaves* him, and can hang on no longer, it is excellent Furniture for Tinder-box, as *virtually* containing in it both Match and Tinder.

The *Muſick* he plays upon, is a Tool ſtil'd an *Harp*, that is, a *Triangular* ſtick *bed-corded* with variety of extended Catlings; which he *tickles* with as much dexterity, as if prentice to *Amphion*, and draws as many *Boys* after him, as he did *Stones*; nay *theſe* we have ſeen in ſome places to trot after him; but not ſo much to *admire*, as to *pelt* him for his Harmony. He puts his Inſtrument to one uſe more than the Ancients did theirs, *i. e.* he *purveys* with it for maintenance; ſo that when ſuſtenance fails him, he *ſtrikes* up for a Morſel, and ſo lives by *ſounds*, and (Camæleon like) hath *Alimony* from *Air*. He *ſerenades Victuals* in every Village, as the *Pide-piper* did *Rats* at

at *Hamel*, and he allures *Luncheons* after him, as much as the other did *Vermin*: Here a *knob* of Bacon wags after him, for *one* ſtrain, and there a *Cruſt* follows him as the Reward of *another*, one *hits* him in the Mouth with a payment of *Pottage*, another *pops* him in the Pocket with the *gratuity* of a *Carrot*; he is laden ſometime with ſuch plenty of *Beverege*, that he can't jog for his Fraught; all which variety of *Fragments* is the moſt ample *In-come*, and wonderful *Revenue* of his skill in Muſick. His uſual Admirers are Countrey Milk-maids, whom vibration of ſtring doth move and ſtir into Jig and Meaſure; and whom *Breez* of *Inſtrument* (like thoſe in *Tayle*) do chaſe and tickle into Dance and Caper: By the *wagging* of his Noddle, and the *wrigling* of his Limbs, he ſeems to be taken with the *Accents*, or elſe to be bitten with the *Tarantula* of

his

his own Muſick, which hath *infected* him into a Galliard, and caus'd him to fig about with a Frolick Motion.

We could not perceive that they were guilty of much *Learning*; of which the *loweſt* Degree is ſeveral *notches* above their moſt exalted capacity. We met with one pretty *proband* in the Alphabet; but for the moſt part the knowledge of the leaſt *jota* is rare, and unuſual. A Man skill'd in *Orthography* is admir'd as a *Sophy*, and a writer of his Name is term'd a *Rabbi*. The *Top-gallant* of the Pariſh poſſibly may be ſo wiſe in *Hieroglyphick* as to ſcrawl the Character of a *Myſtick* Mark; tho ſuch deep Literature is not frequent amongſt them. Some of their Anceſtry have *ſmelt rank* of Aſtrology; one whereof, *Merlin* by name, was very *notable* at the Stars, and moſt *intimate* with the Planets; in ſo much that ſometimes he would

fling

fling at a Futurity, and venture at a *Prognoſtick* concerning the weather. 'Tis ſuppos'd he was bred up at the Feet of ſome *She-Gamaliel*, being ſo well vers'd in the Prophecies of old womens *Corns*, and who could as cleverly fore-tel Rain, as the learned *Almanack* of the moſt weather-wiſe *Toe*. --- The ſtudy of *Wizzardiſm* hath alſo been famous amongſt them; one Goodman *Druis* was well accompliſh'd in that kind of Learning; hence formerly a *Wizard* was ſtil'd a *Drue*. This Fellow (they tell us) was the *School-maſter* of *Pythagoras*, into whoſe *Breech* ('tis ſaid) he infus'd by Birch the Opinion of *Tranſmigration*. He was *dextrous* at a Fortune, and *Old-Dog* at Augury; the only thing we diſlike in him, is, he ſacrific'd Men, and ſo divin'd by *Butchery*.

To the *Wiſdom* and *Philoſophy* of this Sophy, his little Boy *Bardus* added

added *Poetry*; a Lad (it ſeems) notably inſpir'd with *Flames* and Firebrands, with Heats and Raptures, and ſuch kind of *Tackle* that are us'd by Poets. The Diſciples of this *Laureat* were term'd *Bards*, the great *Embalmers* of Heroick Actions; who (I warrant you) will wrap up an Atchievement ſo ſecurely in a *Monument* of a ſingle Verſe, that all the niblings in the world ſhall never be able to devour the *Immortality* of a Name. They *ballad-ſung* the Praiſes of Renowned Heroes, and in lofty ſtrains *wire-draw'd* their Fame, and *ſtretcht* their Glory to after-ages. They were in huge *eſteem*, and had the *Cap* and *Knee* of the greateſt Commanders, in ſo much that if two Armies were even at *Cuffs* or at *Cudgels*, and a venerable *Bard* had ſtept in but with one *Foot* of his Poetry, they would have held their *hands*, and have thrown down their *Hilts*, and have hearkned

ned to the advice of his learned *Dactails*, and not offer to ſnout it till his *Poetical* worſhip had been out of danger. The moſt Famous of theſe *Meter-mongers* were *Robbin Plenidius*, my Gaffer *Glaskirion*, and of late years old Farmer *Davy*, and our Neighbour *David ap Williams*.

The *Champions* of the Countrey, Men of celebrated Proweſs, were Mr. *Caſſibellane* and Sir *Nennius* Knight, the former whereof was ſo *Doubty* a Blade, that 'tis ſaid he confronted *Cæſar*, and bid him kiſs his Back-ſide with undaunted *Gallantry*; the other grapling with the ſame Emperor, did *diſwhiniard* his hand by main ſtrength, and ſent the Man home laden with ſome ſtripes, and with a *naked* Belt. A notable Inſtance of *Welch* Valour! To theſe we may add that *Hector* of *Brittain*, the Renowned *Arviragus*, who was ſo great a *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones* to the Roman Soldiery, that 'tis thought

thought he frighted them even to the *bewraying* of their Breeches, and made them mightily *ſtink* of a *filthy* diſcomfiture.

As for the *Loves* of the *Brittons*, the Intrigues of their *Amours* are not a little remarkable; they being very pretty *Animals* when *diſguis'd* with that Paſſion: They are *Tinder* to ſuch Flames, being quickly ſet on fire, even by the leaſt ſpark, which when it hath catch'd the *Match* of their Souls, (for they have *Brimſtone* in them as well as in their Bodies) they are preſently kindled into *Tranſport* and *Extaſie*; and theſe model them into the ſhapes of a thouſand *Antick*s, and make them ſhew more tricks than *Banks* his Horſe. Sometimes they are ſhaking the *Globules* of their Noddle, and ſometimes dancing ſome *Geometry* with the *Figures* of their *Feet*; now they ſmite with *clapper* of Fiſt their troubled Breaſts, and anon ſound

out ſome Knells of diſmal Groans; being variouſly affected according as the *weather* is in their *Clorinda's* Faces; if *Aſpect* be clear, then is Taphy *Serene*; if *Brow* be cloudy, then is *Morgan Showry*. He commonly *ore-flows* in his prattle about the *Princum prancumneſs* of his Miſtreſs, and is witty even to a Jeſt on the Fineries of their Habiliments, in deſcribing of which he is pretty lucky at *Similitude*, and is happy in his *Compariſons* about her Perſon. One having a glympſe through the Key-hole of her *Saffron* Body, burſt out into a Panegyrick of the *Beeswaxneſs* (as he phras'd it) of her *Tawny* Complexion; and ſeeing her *Tippet* to briſtle into the erectneſs of a *Turbant*, he fell a laughing at the *Cox-comb* (as he term'd it) of her Coif and Head-gear. He ſeldom troubles his Madam with the ſalutation of a Letter, but uſually accoſts her with the *Miſſive* (as I may ſay) of

of his nown Perſon, which being broken up in her preſence, *out fly* the Contents full of flame and rapture.

Shentle Modeſt! when hur ſee
The Fair Looks her made at me,
Hur could not chooſe by what's above,
But be entangled by her Love.
Hur was not think it fit and meet,
To wrap hur Love within a Sheet;
But was think it great deal better,
To ſpeak hur Louſe than write a Letter;
Hoping her not exception take
At hur for hur Countrey ſake.
What if hur Welch-man be? what then?
Taffies *was all* Shentlemen;
Born from Venus *that fair* Coddeſs,
And many other Shentle Bodies;
Part Humane and part Diſine,
We are d ſcended from Joves *Line.*
All this Truth her dare not mince,
Being the Iſſue *of* Brittiſh *Prince.*
If ſhould with Shenkin *drink ſome* (*Wine,*
Her would think her Fortune fine,

And hur would tell ſuch Tale in Ear,
That all the Wor d was never hear.
Then Shentle Modeſt let hur prove,
Honeſt Shenkin *will hur love;*
Though hur was very filthy fit,
That drives poor Welſhman out of wit;
And if hur will not pity hur pain,
Hur will never Louſe again.

We heard of one that went a wooing with a *Gun* upon his ſhoulder, being reſolv'd (it ſeems) if Love be a *warfare*, not to enter unarm'd into the *Camp* of *Venus*; ſtill as his coy *Daphne* ſhifted from his preſence, he marcht *Musketeering* about the Room, and moſt fiercely purſu'd her, till at laſt in the brisk Encounter of a cloſe Embrace, this warlike Inſtrument took an occaſion ſomewhat unmannerly to go off, and *Blunderbuſs'd* the Miſtreſs on her *Breech* on one ſide of the houſe, and poor Taphy on his *Noſe* on the other; ſo that being much diſmay'd at this unhappy Accident, one

ſcrab-

ſcrabled one way, and the other another, to the total ſeparation of a pair of Lovers, and to the utter ſpilling of a *Meſs* of Love.

They are pretty devout in their worſhip, though the exerciſe of *Religion* is ſomewhat ſcarce, and have a pretty *glowing* zeal, though their Churches are *few*, and at a great *diſtance*. 'Tis almoſt incredible how far they are fain to trudge for a little *Homily*, which when they have expected, have been *mump'd* with a *Sermon* ten times worſe. For on ſuch *Raw-bone* Livings there cannot be expected very *plump* Parts. The ordinary Revenue of a Spiritual Preferment may poſſibly be about *five Marks per Annum*; a Bay of Watling for a dwelling, endow'd with no more Glebe than juſt what it ſtands upon, only perhaps it may be *howe-ſtall'd* with as much ground as may hold a *Sty* for the Pig, and a *Rooſt* for the Pullen. Theſe Divine

Cottages are usually situated some Leagues from the Temple; so that the Holy-man with Crab-tree Truncheon sets out with the Sun, and stretcheth his *Legs* with a good handsome walk, before he arrives to *Pulpit* to stretch his *Lungs*, and wears out much of his *Soles* before he can reach his *Stall* to mend their *Souls*. Their Houses of Prayer are generally *Thatcht Tabernacles*, which being steepled (as it were) with a *Lover-hole*, seem to be really that what the *Temple* resembled when prophan'd by the *Jews*, I mean, rather the Pictures of *Pidgeon-houses*, than holy *Sanctuaries*. They are wainscoted towards the East with little Desks, like Pounds, where Levite imprison'd for about half an hour, *fodders* the poor Taffies with some melancholly *Tear-fetching* Story about a Grim Fellow call'd *Death*, who *ambles* Folks on his back into another World; a thing which he heard

heard from the *Oracular* Gums of this *edentulous* old Grannum, as she ſits in the Settle in the Chimney-corner. Some of the moſt *Reverend* Rectors are dignify'd with a ſtipend of *ſix pounds* a year, beſides the *Perquiſites* of a Drum and Fiddle; which well manag'd on a Holy-day, make up a very pretty Thing. Others have an *Augmentation* of a Bull or a Bear, which being ſolemnly baited about twice in a Quarter, do pick pretty comfortable *Tyth* from the Spectators Pockets, and makes the poor Parſons Purſe to ſmile and *mantle*.

Their *Recreations* are various, but not much different from thoſe in *England*; you may ſee them ſometimes ſmite a *Ball* at the Rebound, and to ſend it on an errand to their Antagoniſts, which being retorted by way of Anſwer, is *rejoinder'd* back again with much dexterity. They will bandy to and fro this *miſſile Globule*, and *ſhittle-cock* it to each other

other with great celerity. Their Lungs are pretty good at a Bubble in the Air, which *Meteor* arising from the Womb of a Wallnut-shell, they will make *fly* through the *Welkin* on the *Wings* of their Breaths, and for a considerable time, by the Blasts of their Mouths, will support the Being of those *Emblems* of Mortality.

In the *whity-brown* Evening, or in the Twilight, they run hobling about their Common with *Kites* at their heels, certain Comets of Paper, which they tow along with a tall string, and make themselves merry with the length of their Tails, which are a large *Series* of jaggd Tossels, rag'd with a Candle, as with the twinkling of a Star. Happy is the Man amongst them that can most discreetly manage this Artificial Planet; and he is presently *dub'd* the very *Phaeton* of their Countrey, that can most swiftly career it with this little *lanthorn'd* Phœbus. The

Scrubs

Scrubs want Candle on *Earth*, and yet they muſt needs be ſticking up *Lights* in the Socket of *Heaven*; there's ſcarce half a pound in a Lordſhip either to ſcare away darkneſs or to *work by*, and yet theſe Raſcals (forſooth) will be *ſtudding* the Skie with Luminaries to *play by*. --- As for true and real *Hunting*, there is no ſuch thing among them; only they have (as it were) the *Picture* and ſome kind of *reſemblance* of that Paſtime; for their Principality affording them but few Hares, they courſe a *Lock of Hay* in lieu thereof, and Alloo the *Puſs* of a good nimble wiſp. The *whim* of it is this; when they have a mind to refreſh themſelves with ſomewhat that is a kin to, or with an *Idea* of Hunting, they make diligent ſearch for a Furlong or two of ſmooth and champion ground, which at laſt being found, they purchaſe a Bundle of the ſwifteſt Hay, (if *Iriſh*, 'tis the better,

better, for there are the beſt Runners of all ſorts) this they expoſe to the Fans of *Æolus*, which being preſently ſtarted by force of puff, it ſcuds away, and the Dogs purſue it with mighty ſpeed. In rainy weather they have alſo their *In-door* Divertiſements as well as other Nations, ſuch as *Rump preſſing*, *Hot-cockles*, *Chap-ſmutting*, *Snap-apple*, and the like. Some are cunning at the *Cockall*, not ſo much for *picking* off the meat (though they are good at that too) as at *throwing* it with accuracy, and *checquering* the ſport with *variety* of Tumble.

As far as we could perceive, they love *Holy-day* Fingers, and care not much for encumbring them with that *Inconvenience* call'd *work*. They can (Shepherd like) loll upon a crook pretty handſomely in the Field, and can diſcharge a *ſuperintendency* over the Goats. They are moſt accompliſh'd *Drovers*, to which

which laudable Function they are ſo naturally prone, that they are apt to *drive* ſometimes *more* than their own.

They are much addicted to the ſin of *Naſtineſs*, wallowing in filthineſs like ſo many Swine; ſo that the whole Province ſeems to be but a general *Sty*. You may ſwear they are made of *Earth* without a Metaphor; appearing like ſo many *Dirt-Images*, or like that of *Prometheus* made of *clay*. The meaner ſort of Women are generally ſuch *Draggle-Tails*, that the Cattle in their Boſoms are *quag-mir'd* in the filth of their *well-gleb'd* Attire; ſo that the friſking Fleas are ſo far from *Levalto's*, that we are verily perſwaded they can ſcarce pull out *Proboſcis*, and their Feet from the Bogs.

The *Tenements* they live in are ſutable to the *Gueſts* that poſſeſs them; for as theſe ſeem to be *Dirt* moulded into *Men*, ſo thoſe are the ſame

ſame matter kneaded into *Houſes*; they are uſually very *Humble* Cottages, and low in ſtature, ſo that a Man may ride upon the Ridge, and yet have his Legs hang in the Dirt; thoſe that are ſo magnificent as to be *creſted* with a Chimney, are mightily valu'd, as moſt *Cocking* Fabricks. We were not ſo vain as to expect very ſplendid Furniture in ſuch contemptible *Hutts*; but we ſoon perceiv'd what Utenſils were moſt neceſſary; a Diſh-clout and a Beeſome, and ſuch cleanſing *Implements* are very proper to correct the filthineſs of their Manſions; we found no *Apartments* in theſe their Habitations, every Edifice being a *Noahs Ark*, where a *Promiſcuous* Family, a *Miſcellaneous* Heap of all kind of Creatures did converſe together in one Room; the Pigs and the Pullen and other Brutes either truckling under, or lying at the Beds-feet of the little more *refin'd*, yet their

Brother

Brother Animals. The Countrey is fortifi'd in ſome places with a pretty *ſprinkling* of Caſtles, which whether they naturally *grew* out of the Rocks, or were artificially *ingrafted* there, may be a matter of diſpute; ſome fancy'd them to be *Stone-pits ſhot* up into th' Air, which repreſent the Figure of vaſt Buildings.

Wales is the moſt monſtrous *Limb* in the whole *Body* of Geography, for 'tis generally reported to be without a *middle*, or if it hath a *Navel* 'tis yet a *Terra Incognita*; for we never could find that ever any Man dwelt there, the Natives confeſſing themſelves to be only *Borderers*. Surely the reaſon why they do ſo much affect the *circumference* of their Countrey, and abominate the *center*, is, becauſe they are aſham'd of the Dominion; and indeed 'tis a ſign they have but a little kindneſs for their Nation, who (like unnatural Sons) run from their

their Mother their Country, and when out of her Embraces never return again. A Welch-man when once abroad, hath no more tendency *home*, than a Stone an Inclination to fall upward: He will trot o're the Globe,& rather endure the infliction of any Exile, than the cruel puniſhment of being *baniſht* home; if he is once on this ſide *Dee*, neither *Hunger* nor *Husks*, nor any kind of hardſhip ſhall drive him on the other.

We could not in our Travels wind very many *Feaſts* among them, the ſhabbyneſs of their Soil being not able to nouriſh and pomper Luxury, ſo that a Cook, unleſs he exerciſe on himſelf, and dreſs his own Fingers, he is immediately ſtarv'd here for want of an Employment. They make ſome little Invitations perhaps to a *Kids-head* or ſo; and will junket with *Hop-tops* with brisk alacrity. Such plain, mean

mean (and as I may ſay) *Burrough* Food was even their *Feſtival* Entertainments; but as for any *Embroider'd* and (as it were) *Metropolitan* Meſs, ſuch as Bisks and Oglio's, we never ſo much as heard of them in their Territories.

Their Mart for Law is a Pariſh Town call'd *Ludlow*, where there is a Court of Judicature *deckt* with a Judge, Counſellors, Attorneys, Sollicitors, and other *Furniture* which *embelliſh* the Law: Hither they trudge for Deciſion of Caſe, and here *Red-coat Integrity* diſpenſes *Equity*. Moſt of their Indictments are generally the Tragical effects of ſome diſmal *Counter-ſcuffle*, where a bloody *Noſe* and a broken *Shin* is ample matter for the Commencement of a *Suit*; for they being of a fiery temper, ſometimes choler is kindled by an *Antiperiſtaſis* with a Pot of Ale; and then

they fall to biting and ſcratching as hard as they can drive, and the wounds of this *Caterwauling* and Bickering affords ſtuff for an Action the next day; which being once got into the *Pounces* of a Welch Attorney, is *dandled* into a Buſineſs of no ſmall aggravation. Oh! How theſe Pettifoggers will *hug* a Buffeting, and improve a Squobble! They are the very *Bellows* of Contention, and will ſoon blow a *Spark* into a great *Combuſtion*. They are a kind of *Tinkers* in the Law, who uſually *make* holes on purpoſe that they may *mend* them; nay ſometimes they will play at *Loggerheads* themſelves to ſet others together by the *Ears*, and ſo (as if fighting was contagious) will *infect* the Taphies into Quarrels and Blows. One marching along the Streets advanc'd the *Scolding* of two Women into an huge *Tumult*, as Duels ſwell into great

great Wars; and made the *ſnarling* of two Dogs *thrive* into an Action, and the fighting of Maſtiffs to end in the Court of the *Common-Pleas*. They commonly broach Quarrels, and incenſe the Shentlemen into knockings and ſmitings, crack'd Crowns, and black Eyes, into Aſſaults and Batteries, and all for hopes of a Livelihood that may be *skim*'d from the benefit of ſuch Wars: But perhaps the *Spoils* from the Skirmiſhes of ſuch *Clients* are as rare as *Pillage* from a *Scotch* Army. The uſual crime for which they ſtand generally convicted, is that great tranſgreſſion and *ſin* of *Mice*, the nimming of Cheeſe, and the filching of Oatmeal, and of the reſt of the good Creatures that are *Arkt* in the Cup-board; and as they *offend like* Vermin, ſo are ordinarily *taken* ſo too, that is, not *apprehen-*

ded like Men, but *entrap*'d like Rats; after which they are convented before the Sage *Puſs* of the Law, which purring upon a Tribunal together with his *Kitling* Officers, doth faſten on the Prey, and doth ſo ſuck and claw it, till it hath mumbled out all its *Blood*, that is, all the *Money* of its Veins, and then wholly devours it. This (I ſay) is *one* of their offences, though not the *only* one; for ſome of them have been laſht for an attempt upon *Hen-Rooſts*, and have receiv'd condign puniſhment even for ſtealing of Poultry at the *wrong end*; for Taphy (it ſeems) having filch'd a Chicken by the Breech, did *diſrump* her by his Theft; and therefore in reſemblance to his Crime was almoſt *diſrumpt* by puniſhment; ſo that for ſtealing the *Birds* Tail, he had well-nigh loſt his *own*: A pretty

Circum-

Circumſtance obſerv'd in their Juſtice! and a laudable way of proceeding according to *Lex Talionis*.

For ſeveral Crimes they have various Puniſhments. That grand Enormity of *Breaking-wind* is chaſtiz'd there as 'tis in *England*, that is, the hand of Magiſtracy doth uſually inflict a pretty luſty *Cobling*, that is, for every Report the loſs of an Hair, though ſome that have been much addicted to that Infirmity, and therefore have been very *guilty* of a ſtink, have indur'd the cruelty of tormenting Faries, that is, have been pinch'd into manners, and a better *ſmell*. Artificers when at work puniſh any unhandſome Action by a particular ſeverity peculiar to themſelves, which they call *Purſing*. The Execution whereof is after this manner: The Malefactor being pro-

ſtrate on a Block, two of the ſame occupation pull as *diſcreetly* as they can his Drawers as cloſe to Buttock as a *Spaniards* Breeches, ſo as not to be laid hold on by the moſt curious Pinſers; the *Pavement* of Poſteriours being level'd and ſmooth'd from any wrinkles, a third Artiſan ſtrikes it with a Rule, whoſe ſmart Application by *Quick jerks* makes ſome impreſſion of pain, and ſo moves the Blood as to raiſe and ſtart a Tincture and (as it were) the *Flea-biting* of a Bluſh. Some of the more obſtinate Criminals are puniſh'd by *ſuſpenſion*, but not by the Neck, as here in *England*, but by the wriſts, *Thumb-rop'd* together with a ſtring of Hay, and ſo faſten'd to a Peg; well! this is but the beginning (and as it were) the *Hiſſing* of the Puniſhment, do but mark, and the *Sting* will follow:

The

The offending Taphy thus dangling in the Air, the Beadle approaches with a ſtick *impt* with a Feather at one end, and tickles his Teſticles; theſe ſofter Titillations engender ſome *vibrations* of Body, and nimble Friskings, which are ſhrewdly chaſtiz'd by a ſurly *Cat-of-nine-tails.*

The Cattle we ſaw moſt *legible* on their Mountains were Goats and Heifers; a runtiſh ſort of Animals, of a *dwarfiſh* ſize, but very *hardy*, of a flinty Conſtitution *calculated* on purpoſe for the *meridian* of a Rock; on which (it ſeems) they can as heartily feed, as an *Oſtrich* on an Anvil. Great numbers of theſe are often *diſembogu'd* into adjacent Countries, which after ſome time *circulate* home again in a *ſtream* of Money; which yields wonderful refreſhment to the fainting Domi-

nion, almoſt ſick for the comfort of ſuch a Cordial. We perceiv'd their Herds to be frequently mingled with little Palfries; a ſtunted ſort of Horſes, diminutive Brutes, *Shavals* in ſhort-hand. They are *lower* in ſtature than an Aſſe, but much *ſwifter* in Foot, and very ſtrong, as it appears from their Burdens, which are oftentimes the *Fortune* and Subſtance of a whole Family; for when a Mortal breaks, he mounts all he hath on *Welch-Nag*, and travels under the Character of a *Scotch Pedlar*. We chanc'd to ſee a Team of this ſmall Cattle, a rare Spectacle, being (as we ſuppos'd) the leaſt that ever was heard of, unleſs that which was harneſs'd in *Venus* her Chariot, which was a Team of *Doves*. Theſe Britiſh Steeds are ſo briſk and Mercurial, that the People would perſwade us that

that a *Taphy* on a *Tit* would outſtrip in travel an *Arabian* on a *Dromedary*; a thing almoſt incredible, though the *pricking* up their Ears, and the *ſticking* up their Tails, is an Argument of their Metal, and may give ſome colour and ground for the Aſſertion.

That which we admir'd moſt of all amongſt them, was the *Virginity* of their Language, not deflowr'd by the mixture of any other Dialect: The purity of *Latine* was debauch'd by the *Vandals*, and was *Hun'd* into corruption by that barbarous People; but the ſincerity of the Brittiſh remains *inviolable*. 'Tis a Tongue (it ſeems) not made for every Mouth; as appears by an Inſtance of one in our Company, who having got a Welch *Polyſyllable* into his Throat, was almoſt choak'd with *Conſo-*

nants,

nants, had we not by clapping him on the back made him *disgorge* a Guttural or two, and so sav'd him. They usually *liquefie* the most rugged Mutes, and soften 'um by Pronuntiation; melting the word Tug into Tudge, as is clear from this Distick.

Still he did *Tudge* hur Ear
In praise of the *Tirteen* Seer,

i. e. did *Tug* hur Souses with Elogiums of hur Countrey. Whether the Welch Tongue be a *Splinter* of that universal one that was shatter'd at *Babel*, we have some reason to doubt, in regard 'tis unlike the Dialects that were *crumbled* there: However, whether it be kin or no to other Countrey Speeches, it matters not; but this we are assur'd of, it is *near* and *dear* to the Folk that utter it, who are so passionately fond of it, that they will scarce admit another into

into the *Embraces* of their Lips, which ſputter forth a kind of loathing of our *Engliſh* Language; wherein, if a Queſtion be ask'd them, they will with ſomewhat of diſdain and choler make anſwer *Dim ſaiſſonick*, *i. e.* no *Engliſh*. Their Native *Gibberiſh* is uſually pratled throughout the whole *Taphydome*, except in their Market Towns, whoſe Inhabitants being a little rais'd, and (as it were) puffs up into *Bubbles* above the ordinary *Scum*, do begin to deſpiſe it. Some of theſe being elevated above the common Level, and perhaps refin'd into the Quality of having *two Suits*, are apt to fancy themſelves above their Tongue, and when in their *t'other Cloaths*, are quite aſham'd on't. 'Tis uſually caſhier'd out of Gentlemens Houſes, there being ſcarcely to be heard even one ſingle

Welch

Welch Tone in many Families; their Children are inſtructed in the *Anglican* Ideom, and their Schools are *Pædagogu'd* with Profeſſors of the ſame; ſo that (if the Stars prove lucky) there may be ſome *glimmering* hopes that the Brittiſh *Lingua* may be quite extinct, and may be *Engliſh'd* out of *Wales*, as *Latin* was barbarouſly *Goth'd* out of *Italy*.

The *Cambro-Brittons* are great admirers of Heroick Actions, and much honour the Memory of Famous Atchievements; in ſo much, that rather than a *Dead-doing* Man ſhall periſh in Oblivion, they will Eternize his Name by the Monument of a *Straw*, or ſome ſuch inconſiderable trifle; as appears by that Famous Example of that Saint of their Countrey, Biſhop *David*, who being a pert fighter, and having ſoundly *baſted* and ſwadled

ſwadled their Foes, is at this day conſecrated to Poſterity by the *Trophy* of a Leek; and *ſmells* as rank of Renown from that Vegetable *Preſervative* that Embalms his Fame, as they do of a *Scallion* that carry it about for his Glory. Their Hats are ſet with this Aniverſary *Badge* and *Emblem* of Honour, and triumph on the firſt of *March*; which Day hath been chriſten'd by his Name, and being *Dub'd* an Holy-day, hath worn yearly in the Almanack a *Scarlet* Letter.

There is *one thing* more alſo very *obſervable* among them, and that is, that of all the maim'd Perſons that ever we read of, we find none comparable for nimbleneſs to a *Cambrian Cripple*; a pregnant Proof whereof was preſented to us in this following Inſtance; A Fellow with Crutches mov'd by

Pre-

Protruſion in a certain Wheel-barrow, eſpying a Bear near the Rere of the *Thruſter*, was ſo ſurpriz'd with horror at this tremendous ſight, that he pack'd up his *Pedeſtals*, *i. e.* tuck'd his Oaken *Shins* to the *Zodiack* of his Girdle, and away he fled; *Brain* and the *Protruſor* in vain troop'd after him, who led them a risk with ſuch winged ſpeed, that they could never o're take him; He clearly out-ſtript them, to the Eternal Glory and Renown of *Welch Lameneſs*.

Theſe are ſome of the *choiceſt* Obſervations we made when converſant among the *Britiſh* Mountains; we might eaſily have added more, (the whole Nation indeed being but *one grand Remark*) had not the ſuddenneſs of our Return prevented us. If it ſhould chance to be our Lot to ſet our

Feet

Feet on that Soil a ſecond time, we ſhall venture to preſent another *Show* of it; for 'tis pity ſuch a rare ſight as *Wales* ſhould want a *Trumpet*, nay and a *Fool* too to proclaim and expoſe it to the World.

After we had cram'd our *Budget* with theſe few Notices, we jog'd on with our Fraught to the Brink of the Sea, where *mounted* on a Pinnace we rode to *Briſtol*, from whence with all poſſible ſpeed we trudg'd in a few days to the *Metropolis* of the Nation call'd *London*.

F I N I S.